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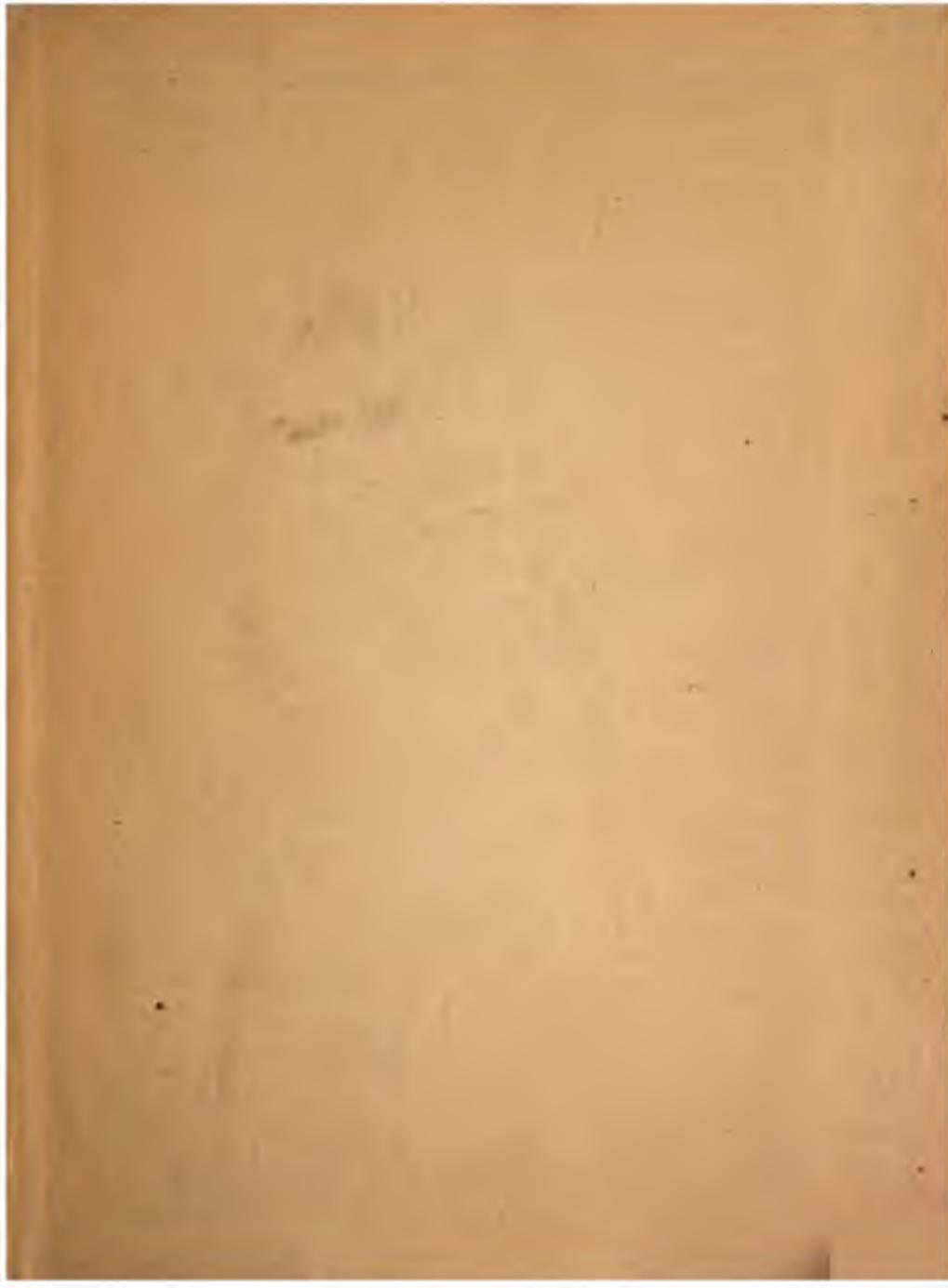
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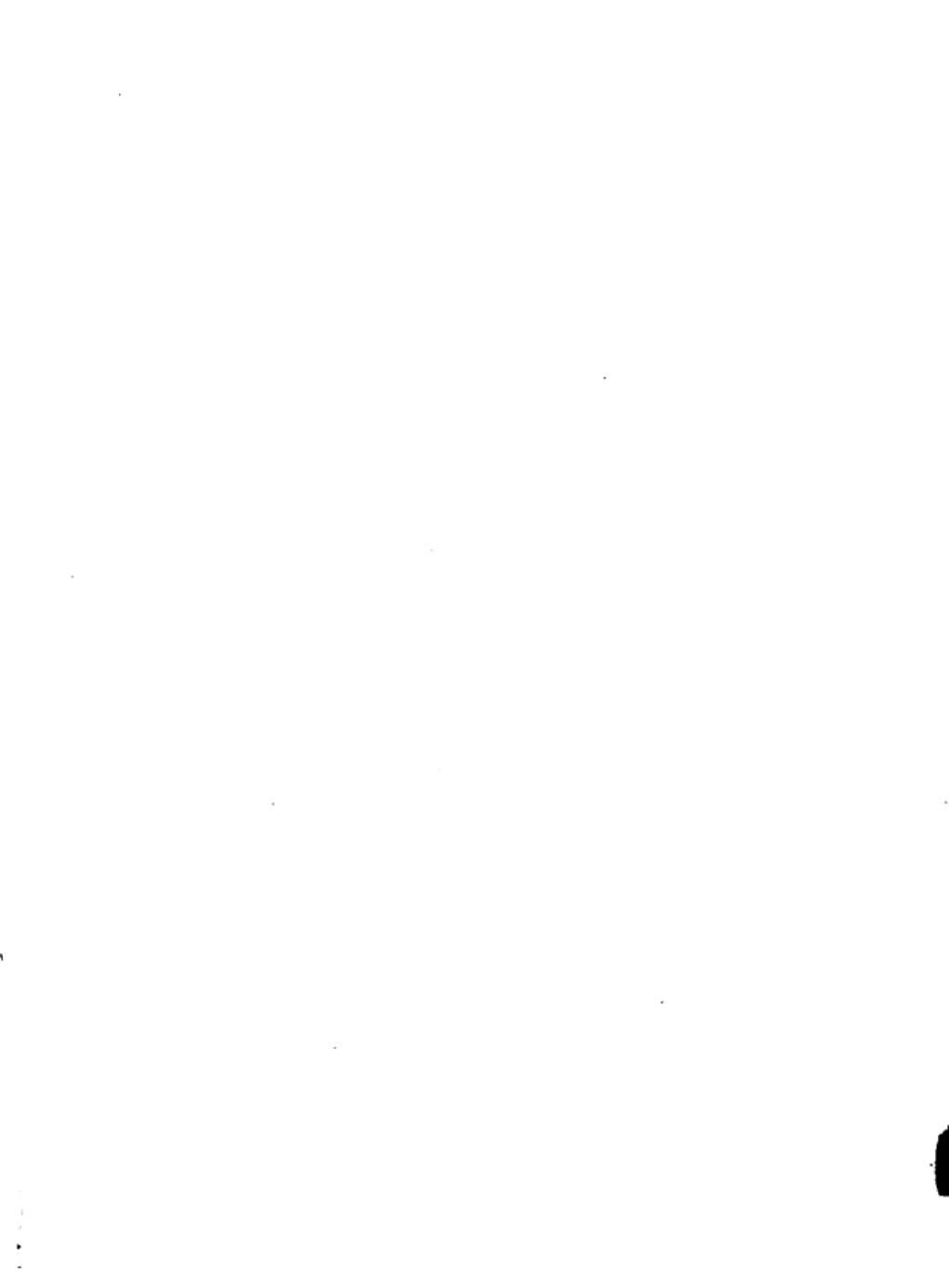


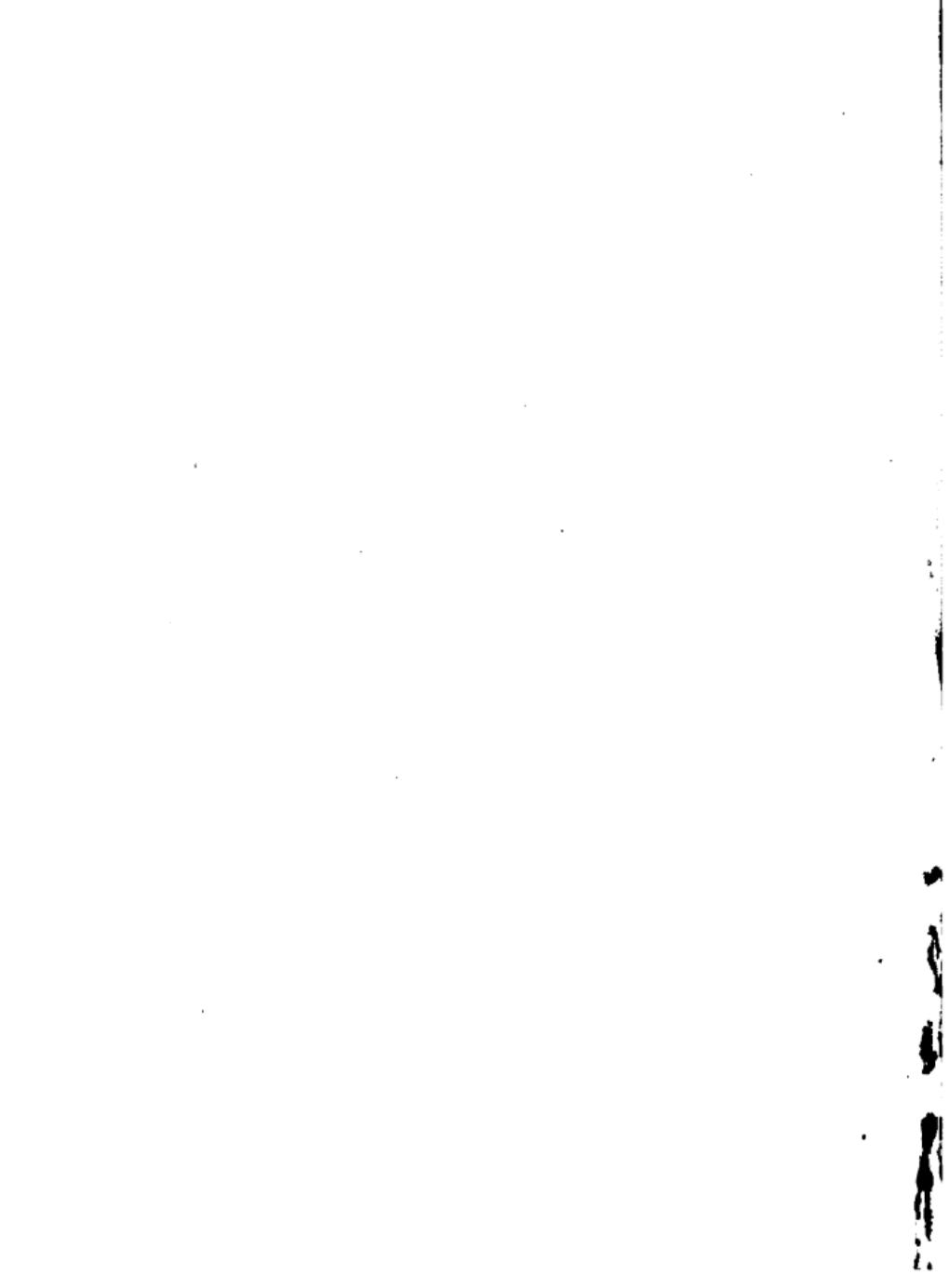
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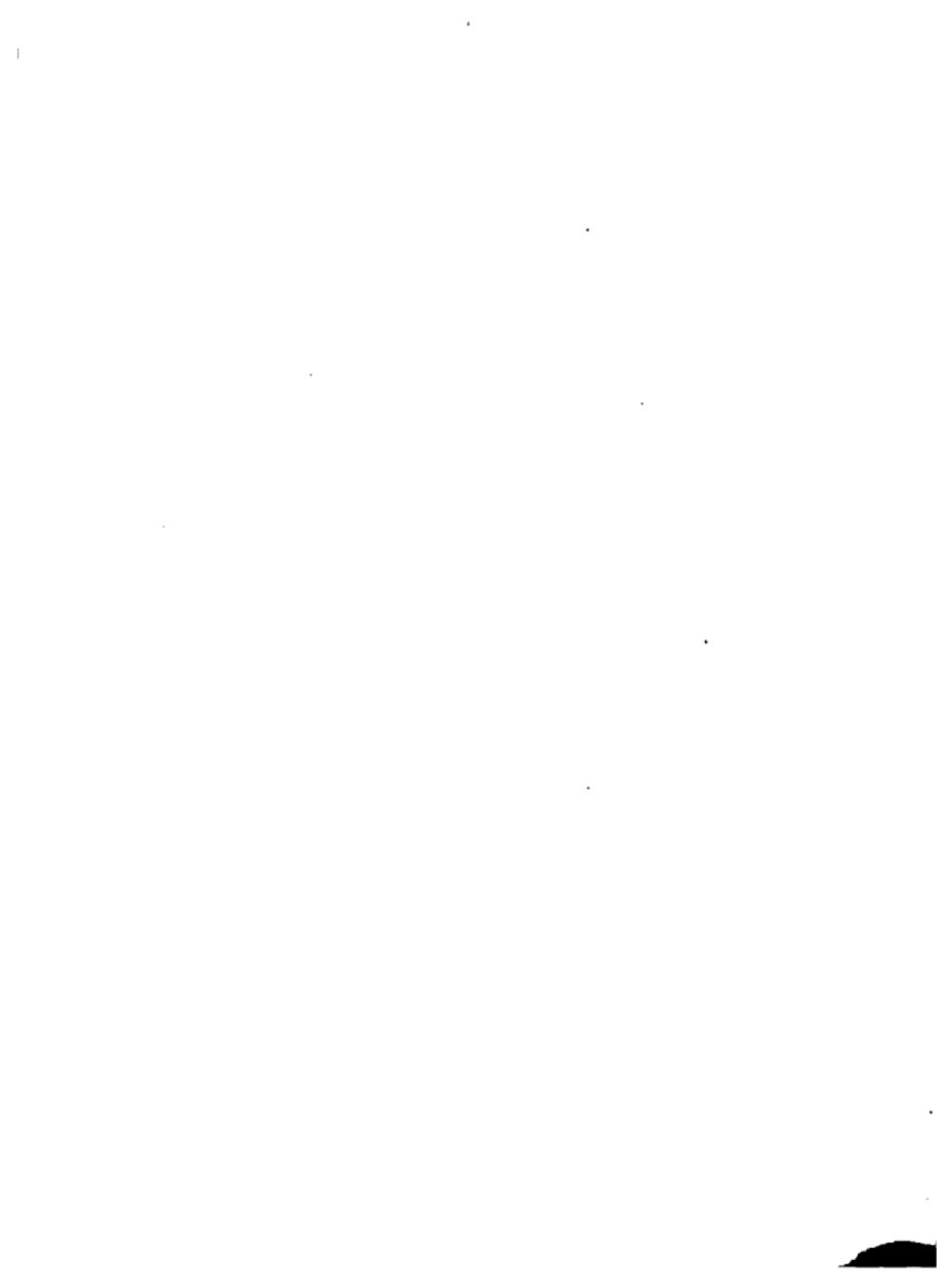




THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS /
Heywood's A WOMAN KILLED
WITH KINDNESS









The Red Bull Playhouse.

A
WOMAN KILLED
WITH KINDNESS

A Play written by
THOMAS HEYWOOD

*Edited with a Preface, Notes
and Glossary by*
A. W. WARD, LL.D.

J. M. DENT AND CO.
ADRIE HOUSE : LONDON
1897



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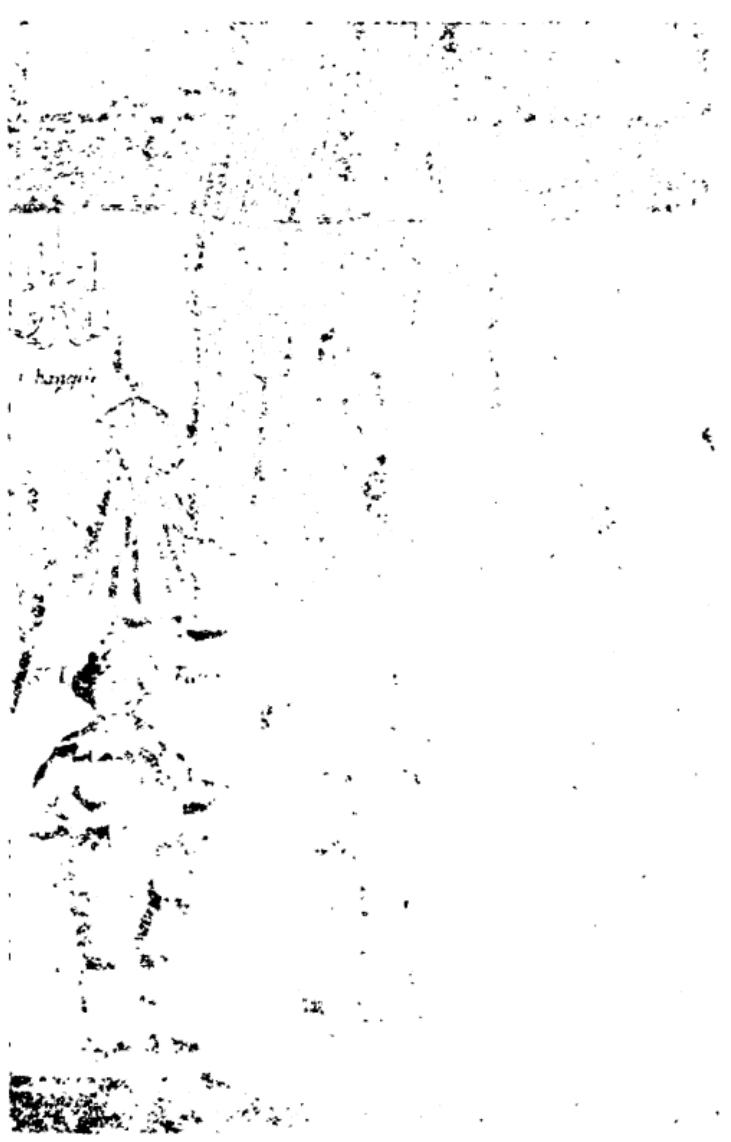
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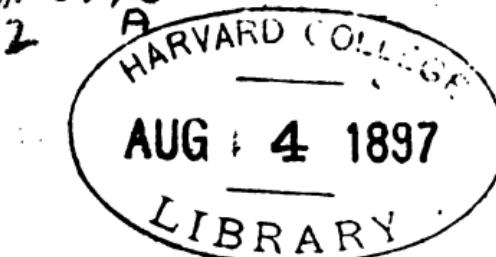
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Shapleigh fund.

'Small care was thine to assail and overcome
Time and his child Oblivion : yet of right
Thy name has part with names of lordlier might
For English love and homely sense of home,
Whose fragrance keeps thy small sweet bayleaf young
And gives it place aloft among thy peers.'

SWINBURNE.

PREFACE

Editions of the Play. *A Woman Killed with Kindness* was first printed in 1607 ; this edition is reprinted by Pearson in *The Dramatic Works of Thomas Heywood* (vol. ii., 1874). Of the second edition no copy appears to be extant. A third edition of the play, ‘as it hath beene oftentimes acted by The Queenes Majest. Servants,’ appeared in 1617 ; on this J. P. Collier founded the text of his edition, printed in the (old) *Shakespeare Society's Publications* (1850). The play had previously been reprinted in various editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays* and in similar collections ; and has recently been re-edited by Mr. A. W. Verity as one of the select plays of Thomas Heywood comprised in a volume contributed by him, with an Introduction by the late Mr. J. A. Symonds, to the so-called *Mermaid Series of The Best Plays of the Old Dramatists*. The text of my edition is the result of a collation of Pearson's reprint of the 1607 with Collier's reproduction of the 1617 editions, as well as of his *Notes* and of Mr. Verity's text. I am bound to say that from the last-named I have found myself only here and there inclined to differ. I have also had before me the Acting Edition, prepared by the late Mr. Frank Marshall for the performance of the play by the Dramatic Students' Society at the Olympic Theatre, London, on March 8th, 1887. Without of course indulging in the freedoms which were permissible to Mr. Marshall, I have felt emboldened by Mr. Verity's example to divide the play into acts and scenes,

although I have diverged from the division adopted by him in one instance of no very material importance.

Life and labours of Thomas Heywood. Of the life of Thomas Heywood but little is known ; its chief interest lies in the extraordinary amount, and the hardly less extraordinary diversity, of his literary labours. Born somewhere about the beginning of the last quarter of the sixteenth century, he survived to the middle of the seventeenth, or at all events to a time not far distant from that date ; and after having chronicled the glories of Elizabeth in both prose and verse, he lived to do literary homage to Henrietta Maria. Yet although, it would seem, gently born, and according to a cherished tradition bred a scholar in the most ancient college of the University of Cambridge, he became a professional playwright-actor, and, so far at least as is known, never repented his choice of a calling. When at the height of his activity, he is said to have performed almost every day ; and he is known to have disliked seeing his plays in print, inasmuch as he had neither time nor inclination for revising them himself with a view to a more select public than that for which they were frankly intended. Yet that he was by no means devoid of literary ambition, is shown by the circumstance that the list of his non-dramatic publications begins in 1628 with a translation of Sallust, and extends to 1641 ; indeed, during the later years of his life there are indications of his having at last begun to grow weary of the stage, before there had ceased to exist a stage to be weary of.

At last—for Mr. Fleay cannot be permitted to explain away Thomas Heywood's statement that he had 'had either an

entire hand, or at least a main finger,' in two hundred and twenty plays, by the suggestion that these eleven score included all those in which he had acted during nearly thirty years, and had either introduced 'gag' or recommended alterations. When the length of Heywood's connection with the theatre is taken into account, as well as the fact that of the thirty-five actually extant plays (not, of course, counting the pageants) in which he certainly had an entire hand or a finger, not one exhibits any trace of elaboration and very few so much as a conscious effort at style, the claim can hardly be considered phenomenal; nor are analogies wanting, either in our own or other theatrical literatures. The variety of the subjects and of the dramatic species to which Heywood addressed himself, cannot in itself be held to increase the wonderfulness of his fecundity. As a non-dramatic author he showed the same gaiety of heart, or Little-John readiness for any kind of combat—heroic poem and prose apologetic pamphlet, elegy and epithalamium, nine books of feminine biography founded on history and poetry, the same number (comprising a surprising amount of useless learning) on the Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels, besides a straightforward life of Queen Elizabeth and a variety of elegant extracts in the way of translations from the Classics. But these productions are beyond the scope of criticism, and, with the exception of the rather pleasing than powerful *Apology for Actors* (1612), possess little more than an antiquarian interest. Very different is the case with his dramas.

As a playwright Heywood began to earn money from Henslowe as early as 1596; but it is probable that he had set his hand to this sort of task even earlier, when quite fresh from

Peterhouse, where he must be supposed to have left behind him his Fellowship, if in truth he had ever held it. He was naturally enough intent upon pleasing the public nearest at hand, and there was an additional reason for his eyes being turned City-wards, since his engagement with Henslowe in 1598 is attested by Anthony Munday, whose reputation as 'pageant poet to the City' has overshadowed Meres' encomium of him as the 'best plotter' among the playwrights of his day. Heywood's own pageants for Lord Mayor's Day belong to the later years of his life (1631-39); in his younger days it was the most susceptible part of the City public to which he specially addressed himself. His *Four Prentices of London, with the Conquest of Jerusalem*, proved so enduringly popular that Beaumont and Fletcher thought it worth their while to parody it ten or eleven years after its first production; his *Edward IV.* (two Parts) celebrates the achievements and delinquencies of a national sovereign in whose popular qualities (including their defects) the City took particular delight; and his *If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody, or The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth*, brings into special prominence the additions made under the Queen's rule to the architectural glories of 'lovely London.' But already in the second of these chronicle histories—for in their general method of treatment and unadorned directness of style these plays may fairly be classed as such—Heywood had found an opportunity for exhibiting, in the episode of the erring and penitent Jane Shore, his most signal dramatic quality—a natural pathos which at once touches the common spring of tears. This play was produced in 1599 or 1600; and having

¹ In *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1611 c.).

once discovered the vein that was in him, Heywood was not the man to leave it long unworked. We are without distinct evidence as to which of his next two plays, *The Royal King and the Loyal Subject* and *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, was the earlier in date, but the play printed in this volume was certainly on the stage in 1603 (N.S.). Henslowe, in his *Diary*,¹ entered among his accounts with the Earl of Worcester's players, the following memoranda :

' P^d at the apoyntment of the company, the 6 of marche 1602, unto Thomas Hewode, in fulle payment for his play called a woman Kyld with Kyndnes, the some of iijii

and

' P^d at the apoyntment of Thomas Blackewod, the 7 of marche 1602, unto the tayller which made the blacke satten sewt for the woman Kyld with Kyndnes, the some of x*

We are not enabled to say at which of the theatres in which Henslowe was interested—the Rose, the Fortune, or others—this play was produced.

The sentiment of *The Royal King and the Loyal Subject*, although noble in conception, is tinctured with artificiality ; and although this is undoubtedly one of Heywood's most attractive pieces, the manner of this drama borders more closely upon the heroic than is usual in his extant productions. With our play, on the other hand, he had found his way into his most proper field, the domestic drama ; and here his most conspicuous later successes were achieved. *The English Traveller*, although apparently much later in date (it is not known to have been printed

¹ Pp. 249, 250 (Collier's edition). From the accession of James I. onwards Lord Worcester's players were known as Queen Anne's.

before 1633), offers many resemblances to *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, with which, but for its improbable and rather wearisome underplot, it might well be placed in competition; and in the character of Young Geraldine, Heywood succeeded in embodying once more, but without copying from himself, the true conception of a Christian gentleman which had inspired him when drawing the character of Frankford in the masterpiece of his earlier manhood. We may further and without paradox reckon as belonging in a measure to the domestic drama—because of their homely background of English middle-class life—the series of comedies which elsewhere I have assuredly not misdescribed as ‘comedies of adventure,’ and of which the breeziest is the delightful *Fair Maid of the West*, an Elizabethan sea-piece which, if he ever read it, Charles Kingsley must have enjoyed in spite of the Puritans.¹

I do not know that any other of Heywood’s dramatic productions calls for separate notice here except, perhaps, *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*. In *The Late Lancashire Witches*, which has a historical interest of its own, he co-operated with Brome. The former play, too, shows traces of the school of Jonson in its depiction of contemporary manners; in construction it is the cleverest of Heywood’s plays, but the complication and its disentanglement are those of a farce. We have every reason for believing Heywood’s modesty to have been such as to forbid our thinking of him as specially pleased with any of his dramatic productions, otherwise he might have plumed himself upon the copious illustrations furnished by *The Four Ages* of his classical learning, or have taken a more legitimate pride in the success of his

¹ *Fortune by Land and Sea*, in which Heywood was assisted by William Rowley, is of a similar make.

masque *Love's Mistress*, which was repeated three times in eight days before King James and Queen Anne, and contained passages wherein the writer perhaps approached nearer to poetic beauty than in anything else of his composition. He was, one fears, too devoted a 'servant of the public' to have looked back with remorse upon his *Rape of Lucrece*, or rather upon the diversion introduced by him into the tragic story in the shape of Valerius, an ancient Roman furnished with a whole budget of popular comic songs.

Because Thomas Heywood was unassuming—because as a dramatist he must have written at such speed,¹ and with so little thought of any but 'theatrical success, as to render him indifferent to theories and rules with regard to which his contemporaries were already beginning to disturb themselves and abuse one another—because he was for the most part careless whether this style or that, whether prose or verse, best became his theme so long as it best served his turn—it by no means follows that he was in the true sense of the word a hack-writer. What makes the hack is the mechanical performance of the imposed task, whatever be its nature—an uninspired and uninspiring self-accommodation which is no doubt largely due to force of habit, but to which a native dulness of soul contributes together with the impulses of hunger and thirst. Heywood doubtless very rarely had time to consider what it was that he was set or set himself to turn into a play; but he often showed genius in the way in which he carried through the process. Herein it is true that he resembled the greatest

¹ Mr. Fleay (*Life of Shakespeare*, 223-4) thinks that Marston in *Histrion-mastix* satirised Heywood as Post-haste.

of his fellow-dramatists, of whom it has been so well said,¹ that ‘at the moment when he views any object, a flood of light and warmth is thrown over it from the passing sun of genius.’ Heywood’s was indeed a less potent radiancy; and if there was in him anything comparable to Shakspere, it was, as Charles Lamb’s famous phrase implied, but as prose is comparable to poetry. Consequently, instead of soaring aloft in one of those sudden imaginative flights which carry away the reader or spectator with the poet into higher realms of thought or fancy, but which in Shakspere at the same time often mark situations of great dramatic interest, Heywood is apt to take refuge in a pregnant proverb, or proverbial phrase, thus inopportunely giving a trivial turn to his style.² Yet, this difference being granted, who shall deny that Heywood too was at times capable of penetrating to the very heart of men and things, and that to the emotions within the range of his control it was given to him too to appeal with irresistible effect?

The domestic drama of sentiment. The dramatic species of which *A Woman Killed with Kindness* is one of the earliest as it is one of the most notable examples, was not invented by Thomas Heywood. It would be easy to show that from the

¹ By Lockhart. See Mr. Andrew Lang’s *Life* (1896), vol. i. p. 168.

² See, for instance, in *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, Act iv. Sc. iii., *ad fin.*, where Mistress Frankford, on the eve of her catastrophe, says to her lover:

‘Come, come, let’s in;

Once over shoes, we’re straight o’er head in sin.’

In Sc. vi., her husband, wishing that he could once more

‘Take her

As spotless as an angel in my arms,’

confesses to himself that he ‘casts beyond the moon.’ The reader will not fail to notice several proverbs, or proverbial phrases, besides the above, in the course of this single play.

days of the Moralities onwards English writers of plays frequently strove to bring home to their audiences the lessons which they desired to enforce with the aid of familiar associations of time and place, while at the same time the emotions which they sought to stir and the sentiments on which they insisted were in the main those called into play by incidents which gain rather than lose force from the frequency of their occurrence in the familiar sphere of daily life.

When, after substituting real human characters for personified abstractions of good or evil qualities, our dramatists proceeded to allow a real dramatic fable to furnish forth the action of their plays, family life and its homely range of emotions continued to serve their purpose in such 'interludes' as Thomas Ingelend's *Disobedient Child*, which, although in manner still belonging to the age of the Moralities, may with regard to tone and tendency be described as in germ a domestic drama of sentiment. And, again, when in the last decade of the sixteenth century the Eng' sh Drama had attained to the full vigour of its productivity, borrowing its themes from the whole range of history ancient and modern, from the legend and the fiction of all ages and countries, and from the multitudinous movement of contemporary life, it is not wonderful that several of our playwrights should have sought to compass strong theatrical effects by the treatment of subjects at once interesting and homely, chosen from the sphere of private or family life, and suggestive of the sympathy which attaches itself to any tale of eventful experiences in accustomed surroundings. A stimulus may have been added to the choice of such themes by the growing activity of the press, which by means of pamphlets and broadsheets made known startling, or as we should call them, 'sensational,' domestic crimes. Thus

it came to pass that in this and the immediately ensuing periods an unusual number of what may be called domestic dramas were produced on the stage. Not a few of these were at one time or another attributed to the hand of Shakspere; among them *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*—a play founded on an ancient and versatile legend locally associated with a hero said to have received his University education in the Cambridge College to which Thomas Heywood himself had belonged¹—*The London Prodigal*, and *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, which latter is known to have been written by George Wilkins.² Two other plays which have been attributed to Shakspere, and in which I am myself inclined to think that he was in some measure concerned, viz. *Arden of Feversham* and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, likewise fall under the category of the domestic drama, but belong to that special subdivision of it which treated of actual events whose terribly startling character had caused printed accounts of them to circulate more or less widely as narratives of popular interest.³ Shakspere was, I think, in some measure concerned in these—but as reviser or adapter

¹ Thomas Middleton, in his prose tract *The Black Book* (1604), describes a city madam who, ‘being set out of the shop, with her man before her, to quench the jealousy of her husband . . . shall turn the honest, simple fellow off at the next turning, and give him leave to see *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, or *A Woman killed with Kindness*, when his mistress is going to the same murder.’ Mr. Fleay thinks *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* an early play by Drayton.

² See as to the probability that both these plays were first performed in London in 1604—Fleay, *Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 148-9.

³ Another play of this type is *A Warning for Faire Women* (pr. 1599), which purports in its title-page to treat of *The most tragical and lamentable Murther of Master George Sanders, of London, Merchant, nigh Shorter's Hill, assented unto by his own Wife, and acted by Mr. Brown, Mrs. Drewry, and Trusty Roger, Agents therein; with their several Ends.* (The event happened in 1573.) This play has been attributed to Llyly, and more recently (by Mr. Fleay) to Lodge.

only, not as having himself conceived the dramatic treatment of such themes. His whole nature as a dramatic poet disdained the trammels which they inevitably impose upon the imagination ; only once, and then in a style which widens and deepens the entire method of treatment, is he known to have essayed a subject of what may be called domestic drama—though it would obviously be preposterous to reckon *Othello* as belonging to the species known under that name.¹

Other contemporary dramatists of note, if they did not consciously essay as a species the domestic drama of sentiment, unmistakably sought a main element of effect in direct appeals to the strong emotions most readily evoked by direct analogies of everyday experience. Among these it will suffice to note Thomas Dekker, a thoroughly popular writer in the breadth and versatility of his sentiment, and Thomas Middleton, the fertile receptivity of whose genius almost made up for what it may have lacked in depth.²

That among these and cognate efforts of the same period of the English Drama, the play by Thomas Heywood printed in this volume should hold a pre-eminence virtually undisputed, unless it be on behalf of the other play from the same hand, adverted to above,³ is I think due to their approaching nearer to modern taste than the rest ; and this effect, again, they manifestly owe to the naturalness of the softer kind of emotion with which they are charged. In the *Prologue* to *A Woman Killed*

¹ See some admirable observations in G. Brandes' *William Shakespeare*, (German Translation, 1896), pp. 152-3, 270-1, 632.

² Dekker's *The Honest Whore* (two parts) is the play which I have here chiefly in mind. Middleton is supposed to have collaborated with him in this. Middleton and William Rowley's *A Fair Quarrel*, and perhaps also *The Changeling*, was perhaps also taken into account.

³ *The English Traveller.*

with Kindness, Heywood with unusual distinctness announces that the theme of his play is taken from ordinary life, but that by way of foil to the subject, he offers sentiment as a kindly substitute for the cothurnate style.¹

A Woman Killed with Kindness a typical play of the species. Both Heywood himself and his contemporaries recognised in *A Woman Killed with Kindness* a typical example of the sentimental family drama. In *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, Act III. Sc. ii., Young Charlton, 'a wild-headed gentleman,' thus addresses the rather lachrymose father of a girl with whom he has trifled :

'Well I see you choleric hasty men are the kindest when all's done. Here's such wetting of handkerchiefs! he weeps to think of his wife; she weeps to see her father cry! Peace, fool! we shall else have thee claim kindred of the woman killed with kindness.'

The satirical application in *The Taming of the Shrew* of the phrase which gives its title to our play—

'This is the way to kill a wife with kindness'—
(see Petruchio's speech, Act IV. Sc. ii.)—seems to show that the phrase was older than Heywood's drama, the production of which must have been preceded by several years by that of the old comedy recast by Shakspere.² The expression is also

¹ See *Prologue*:

'Look for no glorious state (*i.e.* throne): our Muse is bent
Upon a barren subject, a bare scene';
and again:

'Gentle thoughts, when they may give the foil,
Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.'

² The date of Shakspere's *Taming of the Shrew* is of course uncertain, but I cannot think that it should be placed later than 1596-7.

used ironically in a general sort of way in Fletcher's *Night-Walker* (acted as 'corrected' by Shirley in 1634), in Act III. Sc. iii. :

'My daughter, that thou kill'st with kindness, Jew.'

On the other hand, Fletcher can hardly but have been thinking of the action of Heywood's play, when in *The Woman's Prize* (acted as an 'old play' in 1633), Act III. Sc. iv., he makes Petruchio, when discussing the ills which wives inflict upon husbands, say :

Some few,
For those are rarest, they are said to kill
With kindness and fair usage.'

Farquhar, in his *Love and a Bottle* (1698), puts into the mouth of his wild Irish man upon town Roebuck the humorous phrase as to a former flame : 'I bear her an amorous grudge still, something between love and spite. I could kill her with kindness' (Act III. Sc. i.).

Whether or not some anecdote of real life may have happened to suggest it to him, Heywood chose for the theme of his play a story of sin and shame unhappily neither improbable in itself nor uncommon as an experience of ordinary life. The happiness of an honourable and trustful gentleman is overthrown by the treason of a friend on whom he has lavished hospitality and courtesy. He discovers his wife in the arms of his friend, when—and this is at once the original turn in the plot, and exhibits the victory of loftier over lower motives which constitutes the supreme effect of the play—he resolves to show mercy and, as he says, to 'kill her even with kindness.' How well the dramatist succeeds in the design thus with

pathetic irony expressed is shown with powerful simplicity in the last act of the play.

Heywood, in casting this story into a dramatic form, has allowed himself the utmost freedom in dealing with considerations of time, his one purpose being to bring before the spectator each successive step (so to speak) leading to the brink of the abyss where a higher hand arrests the vengeance that is in accordance with the law. By means of a few but perfectly sufficient touches he depicts the happiness of the husband, the weakness of the wife, his growing suspicions of her frailty,¹ and the awful certainty of the discovery. At the very height of the action, powerfully as it is contrived, we cannot but think that a nicer calculation, for which probably neither Heywood nor his audiences would have greatly cared to allow themselves time, might have led him to avoid two instances of oversight. Although it is in accordance with our sentiment that Frankford should pardon his wife, we should not perhaps quite so easily make up our minds to fall in with his pardoning her paramour, and it would have been easy to allow Wendoll to escape without Frankford's quasi-connivance. Again, the husband's renunciation of his right to punish his guilty wife, although open to misinterpretation, should not be so misinterpreted in the play, least of all by the person most concerned; yet the author inad-

¹ The scene in which the husband, the wife, and the seducer play at cards (Act III. Sc. ii.) forms an exception, in so far as an opportunity is here found for the exercise of an ingenuity which, but for such wit as might be found in it, could only irritate a more critical audience than that which Heywood was bent upon pleasing. I have elsewhere noted that this scene may have suggested a not dissimilar one in Machin's *The Dumb Knight* (Act iv.), printed 1608, and that certain analogies may also be found in Chapman's *Byron's Tragedy* (Act iv.), and—though here of course the intention is comic—in Fletcher's *The Spanish Curate* (Act III. Sc. iv.).

vertently makes Mistress Frankford say to herself, before he has announced his sentence—

'He cannot be so base as to forgive me'

(Act iv. Sc. vi.).

I do not notice the criticism that Frankford's previous affection for Wendoll might seem to exceed the limits of probability; for the Elizabethans were not wont to shrink from exaggerations of this sort, when desirous of producing a marked impression,¹ as here, of the kindness destined to meet with so treacherous a return. And no touch could be more subtle than that of the deluded husband turning to his half-astonished wife :

'Pr'ythee, Nan,
Use him with all thy loving' st courtesy'

(Act ii. Sc. i.). He addresses her, it will be observed (for the first time in the course of the play) by the familiar name which afterwards springs to his lips in the moment of anguish, and again in that of the last farewell.² But such touches of nature are common in Heywood, and it is superfluous to point them out to any sympathetic reader. Less expected of its kind is the satirical turn in the parting speech of the villain of the play, who being driven abroad to wander like Cain, purposes to learn the chief continental languages and then return to an appropriate sphere of activity at home, where

'My worth and parts being by some great man praised,
At my return I may in court be raised.'

¹ Cf. in *The English Traveller* Wincott's overflowing affection for Young Geraldine, though here of course the object is worthy of the sentiment.

² Act iv. Sc. vi.; Act v. Sc. vi.

The author thus takes occasion to remind his public of the corruption in high places that formed so signal a feature of the age. But the general atmosphere in which the action of this piece moves is of a wholly different nature ; and with the aid, more especially of the opening scene of the bye-plot, in which we assist at a hawking-match between two country gentlemen, we are transplanted into the very heart of English country life.¹ And the fresh air of the country-side seems to blow through passages of this play, as it does through Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*. In general, it is noticeable how true and vivid is the colouring—whether of town or country—which our author is able to impart to his backgrounds.² I am not aware that in the present instance Heywood need be supposed to have had either his native Lincolnshire or any other special part of the country in his eye ; the locality where the scene is actually laid is Yorkshire.³

If the bye-plot of Heywood's play is brought to a termination which cannot perhaps be described as satisfying a very high

¹ Heywood, however, never quite forgets his London associations. One of these is most grotesquely introduced in Act iv. Sc. v., when Nicholas, the faithful serving-man (an excellent character), asserts himself as clown, when his master is about to open the door of his outraged bed-chamber, by interposing : 'It must ope with far less noise than Cripple-gate, or your plot's dashed.'

² See for instance the picture of Plymouth before the sailing of the Azores Expedition, in Act i. of *The Fair Maid of the West* ; Barnet on market-day in Act iii. of *The English Traveller*, etc. etc.

³ The hawking-match takes place at 'Chevy Chase' (see Act i. Sc. i.), which can hardly be identified with the famous Northumbrian locality. Wendoll says (Act ii. Sc. iii.) that Frankford has made him

'Companion with the best and chiefest
In Yorkshire' ;

Sir Charles Mountford is said to lie in gaol in York Castle (Act iv. Sc. ii.), and Frankford pretends to ride to York on assize business of his own (*ib.*).

ethical standard, it is at least fairly interesting and fitted with more than ordinary skill into the scheme of the play as a whole. The unity of tone which the action maintains is of course not absolute, and was not intended to be such ; indeed, the author prophesies in his *Epilogue* that opinions concerning the play will vary as they do over a bottle of wine, and that some will judge it
'too trivial, some too gay.'

But throughout this play the simple and direct force of a style asserts itself, which neither seeks nor avoids occasional vehemence or occasional humility of expression; whose eloquence is unadorned ; whose wit and humour, when opportunity occurs for the use of those qualities, are the reverse of far-fetched ; and whose pathos, above all, is Nature's own. When in another age Sentimental Comedy gained credit through the works of Steele, similar qualities of style co-operated to this end with the same simple morality, the same rectitude of judgment, and the same tenderness of feeling, as those which pervade *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. Later literary developments of the dramatic species to which Heywood's masterpiece belongs cannot here be pursued, and the most powerful influence which, in Goethe's words,¹ 'directed the attention of the middle-class world to a more refined system of morality,' proceeded not from the stage, but from the more elaborate achievements of the English eighteenth-century novel. The name of Thomas Heywood was probably wholly unknown to Richardson ; but the sentiment of *Clarissa Harlowe* and that of *A Woman Killed with Kindness* are derived from the same source, and will never fail to call forth a cognate response of universal human sympathy.

¹ See *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, Book xiii.

THE frontispiece to this volume is a reduction of that to Francis Kirkman's collection of drolls, published in 1673, under the title of *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*. It represents the stage of the Red Bull Theatre, at the upper end of St. John Street, Clerkenwell, where several of Thomas Heywood's plays were performed. Mr. Fleay states that the earliest definite notice of this theatre known to him dates from 1609. See also Collier, *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, etc. (new edition), vol. iii. pp. 132 to 135.

PROLOGUE

I COME but like a harbinger, being sent
To tell you what these preparations mean.
Look for no glorious state ; our Muse is bent
Upon a barren subject, a bare scene.
We could afford this twig a timber-tree,
Whose strength might boldly on your favours build ;
Our russet, tissue ; drone, a honey-bee ;
Our barren plot, a large and spacious field ;
Our coarse fare, banquets ; our thin water, wine ;
Our brook, a sea ; our bat's eyes, eagle's sight ;
Our poet's dull and earthy Muse, divine ;
Our ravens, doves ; our crow's black feathers, white.
But gentle thoughts, when they may give the foil,
Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MASTER JOHN FRANKFORD
SIR FRANCIS ACTON, Brother to Mistress Frankford
SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD
MASTER MALBY
MASTER WENDOLL
MASTER CRANWELL
MASTER SHAFTON
OLD MOUNTFORD, Uncle to Sir Charles
MASTER SANDY
MASTER RODER
MASTER TIDY, Cousin to Sir Charles
NICHOLAS,
JENKIN,
ROGER BRICKBAT, } Household Servants to Frankford
JACK SLIME,
SPIGOT, Butler,
Sheriff
Keeper of Prison
Sheriff's Officers, Huntsmen, Falconers, Coachmen,
Carters, Servants, Musicians.

MISTRESS ANNE FRANKFORD
SUSAN, Sister to Sir Charles Mountford.
CICELY, Maid to Mistress Frankford.
Women Servants in Master Frankford's household

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

Room in Frankford's House.

Enter Master Frankford, Mistress Frankford, Sir Francis Acton, Sir Charles Mountford, Master Malby, Master Wendoll, and Master Cranwell.

Sir F. Some music, there ! None lead the bride a dance ?

Sir C. Yes, would she dance *The Shaking of the Sheets* ;
But that's the dance her husband means to lead
her.

Wen. That's not the dance that every man must dance,
According to the ballad.

Sir F. Music, ho !
By your leave, sister,—by your husband's leave,
I should have said,—the hand that but this day
Was given you in the church I'll borrow.—Sound !
This marriage music hoists me from the ground.

Frank. Ay, you may caper; you are light and free ! 10
 Marriage hath yok'd my heels ; pray, pardon
 me.

Sir F. I 'll have you dance too, brother !

Sir C. Master Frankford,
 You are a happy man, sir, and much joy
 Succeed your marriage mirth : you have a wife
 So qualified, and with such ornaments
 Both of the mind and body. First, her birth
 Is noble, and her education such
 As might become the daughter of a prince ;
 Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own
 hand
 Can teach all strings to speak in their best grace,
 From the shrill'st treble to the hoarsest base. 21
 To end her many praises in one word,
 She's Beauty and Perfection's eldest daughter,
 Only found by yours, though many a heart hath
 sought her.

Frank. But that I know your virtues and chaste
 thoughts,

I should be jealous of your praise, Sir Charles.

Cran. He speaks no more than you approve.

Mal. Nor flatters he that gives to her her due.

Mrs. F. I would your praise could find a fitter theme
 Than my imperfect beauties to speak on ! 30
 Such as they be, if they my husband please,
 They suffice me now I am marrièd.

This sweet content is like a flattering glass,
 To make my face seem fairer to mine eye ;
 But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow
 Will blast the roses in my cheeks that grow.

Sir F. A perfect wife already, meek and patient !

How strangely the word husband fits your mouth,
 Not married three hours since ! Sister, 'tis good ;
 You that begin betimes thus must needs prove 40
 Pliant and duteous in your husband's love.—
 Gramercies, brother ! Wrought her to 't already,—
 'Sweet husband,' and a curtsey, the first day ?
 Mark this, mark this, you that are bachelors,
 And never took the grace of honest man ;
 Mark this, against you marry, this one phrase :
 In a good time that man both wins and woos
 That takes his wife down in her wedding shoes.

Frank. Your sister takes not after you, Sir Francis :

All his wild blood your father spent on you ; 50
 He got her in his age, when he grew civil.
 All his mad tricks were to his land entail'd,
 And you are heir to all ; your sister, she
 Hath to her dower her mother's modesty.

Sir C. Lord, sir, in what a happy state live you !

This morning, which to many seems a burden,
 Too heavy to bear, is unto you a pleasure.
 This lady is no clog, as many are ;
 She doth become you like a well-made suit,
 In which the tailor hath us'd all his art ; 60

Not like a thick coat of unseason'd frieze,
Forc'd on your back in summer. She's no chain
To tie your neck, and curb you to the yoke ;
But she's a chain of gold to adorn your neck.
You both adorn each other, and your hands,
Methinks, are matches. There's equality
In this fair combination ; you are both
Scholars, both young, both being descended nobly.
There's music in this sympathy ; it carries
Consort, and expectation of much joy,
Which God bestow on you from this first day
Until your dissolution,—that's for aye !

Sir F. We keep you here too long, good brother Frankford.

Into the hall ; away ! Go cheer your guests.

What! Bride and bridegroom both withdrawn at once?

If you be miss'd, the guests will doubt their welcome,

And charge you with unkindness.

Frank. To prevent it,

I 'll leave you here, to see the dance within.

Mrs. F. And so will I.

Sir F. To part you it were sin.—

[Exeunt Master and Mistress Frankfora.]

Now, gallants, while the town musicians
Finger their frets within, and the mad lads
And country lasses, every mother's child,

With nosegays and bride-laces in their hats,
 Dance all their country measures, rounds and jigs,
 What shall we do? Hark! They're all on the
 hoigh;

They toil like mill-horses, and turn as round,—
 Marry, not on the toe! Ay, and they caper,
 But not without cutting; you shall see, to-morrow,
 The hall-floor peck'd and dinted like a mill-stone,
 Made with their high shoes. Though their skill be
 small,

90

Yet they tread heavy where their hobnails fall.

Sir C. Well, leave them to their sports!—Sir Francis
 Acton,

I'll make a match with you! Meet to-morrow
 At Chevy Chase; I'll fly my hawk with yours.

Sir F. For what? For what?

Sir C. Why, for a hundred pound.

Sir F. Pawn me some gold of that!

Sir C. Here are ten angels;
 I'll make them good a hundred pound to-morrow
 Upon my hawk's wing.

Sir F. 'Tis a match; 'tis done.
 Another hundred pound upon your dogs;—
 Dare ye, Sir Charles?

Sir C. I dare; were I sure to lose,
 I durst do more than that; here is my hand. 101
 The first course for a hundred pound!

Sir F. A match.

Wen. Ten angels on Sir Francis Acton's hawk ;
As much upon his dogs !

Cran. I am for Sir Charles Mountford : I have seen
His hawk and dog both tried. What ! Clap ye hands,
Or is 't no bargain ?

Wen. Yes, and stake them down.
Were they five hundred, they were all my own.

Sir F. Be stirring early with the lark to-morrow ;
I 'll rise into my saddle ere the sun
Rise from his bed.

Sir C. If there you miss me, say
I am no gentleman ! I 'll hold my day.

Sir F. It holds on all sides.—Come, to-night let 's dance ;
Early to-morrow let 's prepare to ride :
We had need be three hours up before the bride.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Yard of the same.

*Enter Nicholas and Jenkin, Jack Slime, Roger Brickbat,
with Country Wenches, and two or three Musicians.*

Jen. Come, Nick, take you Joan Miniver, to trace
withal ; Jack Slime, traverse you with Cicely Milk-
pail ; I will take Jane Trubkin, and Roger Brickbat
shall have Isabel Motley. And now that they are
busy in the parlour, come, strike up ; we 'll have a
crash here in the yard.

Nich. My humour is not compendious : dancing I possess not, though I can foot it ; yet, since I am fallen into the hands of Cicely Milkpail, I consent.

Slime. Truly, Nick, though we were never brought up like serving courtiers, yet we have been brought up with serving creatures,—ay, and God's creatures, too ; for we have been brought up to serve sheep, oxen, horses, hogs, and such like ; and, though we be but country fellows, it may be in the way of dancing we can do the horse-trick as well as the serving-men.

Brick. Ay, and the cross-point too.

Jen. O Slime ! O Brickbat ! Do not you know that comparisons are odious ? Now we are odious ourselves, too ; therefore there are no comparisons to be made betwixt us.

22

Nich. I am sudden, and not superfluous ;
I am quarrelsome, and not seditious ;
I am peaceable, and not contentious ;
I am brief, and not compendious.

Slime. Foot it quickly ! If the music overcome not my melancholy, I shall quarrel ; and if they suddenly do not strike up, I shall presently strike them down.

Jen. No quarrelling, for God's sake ! Truly, if you do, I shall set a knave between ye.

31

Slime. I come to dance, not to quarrel. Come, what shall it be ? *Rogero* ?

Jen. *Rogero* ? No ; we will dance *The Beginning of the World*.

Cicely. I love no dance so well as *John come kiss me now.*
Nich. I that have ere now desp'rd a cushion, call for
 the *Cushion-dance.*

Brick. For my part, I like nothing so well as *Tom Tyler.*

Jen. No ; we'll have *The Hunting of the Fox.* 41

Slime. *The Hay, The Hay !* There's nothing like *The Hay.*

Nich. I have said, do say, and will say again—

Jen. Every man agree to have it as Nick says !

All. Content.

Nich. It hath been, it now is, and it shall be—

Cicely. What, Master Nicholas ? What ?

Nich. *Put on your Smock a' Monday.* 50

Jen. So the dance will come cleanly off ! Come, for God's sake, agree of something : if you like not that, put it to the musicians ; or let me speak for all, and we'll have *Sellenger's Round.*

All. That, that, that !

Nich. No, I am resolved thus it shall be :

First take hands, then take ye to your heels !

Jen. Why, would you have us run away ?

Nich. No ; but I would have you shake your heels.—
 Music, strike up !

[They dance ; Nick dancing, speaks stately and
 scurvily, the rest, after the country fashion.]

Jen. Hey ! Lively, my lasses ! Here's a turn for thee !
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III

Chevy Chase.

Wind horns. Enter Sir Charles Mountford, Sir Francis Acton, Malby, Cranwell, Wendoll, Falconer, and Huntsmen.

Sir C. So ; well cast off ! Aloft, aloft ! Well flown !
Oh, now she takes her at the souse, and strikes her
Down to the earth, like a swift thunder-clap.

Wen. She hath struck ten angels out of my way.

Sir F. A hundred pound from me.

Sir C. What, falconer !

Falc. At hand, sir !

Sir C. Now she hath seiz'd the fowl and 'gins to plume
her,
Rebeck her not ; rather stand still and check her !
So, seize her gets, her jesses, and her bells ! 10
Away !

Sir F. My hawk kill'd, too.

Sir C. Ay, but 'twas at the querre,
Not at the mount, like mine.

Sir F. Judginent, my masters !

Cran. Yours miss'd her at the ferre.

Wen. Ay, but our merlin first had plum'd the fowl,

And twice renew'd her from the river too.

Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,

Nor was one semi-tune above the other.

Methinks, these Milan bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.

Sir C. 'Tis lost. 20

Sir F. I grant it not. Mine likewise seiz'd a fowl
Within her talons, and you saw her paws
Full of the feathers ; both her petty singles
And her long singles grip'd her more than other ;
The terrials of her legs were stain'd with blood ;
Not of the fowl only, she did discomfit
Some of her feathers ; but she brake away.
Come, come ; your hawk is but a rifler.

Sir C. How !

Sir F. Ay, and your dogs are trindle-tails and curs.

Sir C. You stir my blood. 30
You keep not one good hound in all your kennel,
Nor one good hawk upon your perch.

Sir F. How, knight !

Sir C. So, knight. You will not swagger, sir ?

Sir F. Why, say I did ?

Sir C. Why, sir,
I say you would gain as much by swaggering
As you have got by wagers on your dogs.
You will come short in all things.

Sir F. Not in this !

Now I 'll strike home. [Strikes Sir Charles.

Sir C. Thou shalt to thy long home,
Or I will want my will.

Sir F. All they that love Sir Francis, follow me ! 40

Sir C. All that affect Sir Charles, draw on my part !

Cran. On this side heaves my hand.

Wen. Here goes my heart.

[They divide themselves. Sir Charles Mountford, Cranwell, Falconer, and Huntsman, fight against Sir Francis Acton, Wendoll, his Falconer and Huntsman; and Sir Charles hath the better, and beats them away, killing both of Sir Francis's men. Exeunt all but Sir Charles Mountford.

Sir C. My God, what have I done ! What have I done !

My rage hath plung'd into a sea of blood,
In which my soul lies drown'd. Poor innocents,
For whom we are to answer ! Well, 'tis done,
And I remain the victor. A great conquest,
When I would give this right hand, nay, this head,
To breathe in them new life whom I have slain !—
Forgive me, God ! 'Twas in the heat of blood, 50
And anger quite removes me from myself.
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder ;
Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it.
Sir Francis Acton, he is fled the field ;
With him all those that did partake his quarrel ;
And I am left alone with sorrow dumb,
And in my height of conquest overcome.

Enter Susan.

Susan. O God ! My brother wounded 'mong the dead !

Unhappy jest, that in such earnest ends !

The rumour of this fear stretch'd to my ears, 60
And I am come to know if you be wounded.

Sir C. Oh, sister, sister ! Wounded at the heart.

Susan. My God forbid !

Sir C. In doing that thing which He forbad,
I am wounded, sister.

Susan. I hope, not at the heart.

Sir C. Yes, at the heart.

Susan. O God ! A surgeon, there :

Sir C. Call me a surgeon, sister, for my soul !

The sin of murder, it hath pierc'd my heart
And made a wide wound there ; but for these
scratches,

They are nothing, nothing.

Susan. Charles, what have you done ? 70

Sir Francis hath great friends, and will pursue
you

Unto the utmost danger of the law.

Sir C. My conscience hath become mine enemy,
And will pursue me more than Acton can.

Susan. Oh ! Fly, sweet brother !

Sir C. Shall I fly from thee ?

Why, Sue, art weary of my company ?

Susan. Fly from your foe !

Sir C. You, sister, are my friend,
And flying you, I shall pursue my end.

Susan. Your company is as my eyeball dear ;
Being far from you, no comfort can be near. 80
Yet fly to save your life ! What would I care
To spend my future age in black despair,
So you were safe ? And yet to live one week
Without my brother Charles, through every cheek
My streaming tears would downwards run so rank,
Till they could set on either side a bank,
And in the midst a channel ; so my face
For two salt-water brooks shall still find place.

Sir C. Thou shalt not weep so much ; for I will stay,
In spite of danger's teeth. I'll live with thee, 90
Or I'll not live at all. I will not sell
My country and my father's patrimony,
Nor thy sweet sight, for a vain hope of life.

Enter Sheriff, with Officers.

Sher. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling instrument
Of your attach and apprehension.
I'm sorry that the blood of innocent men
Should be of you exacted. It was told me
That you were guarded with a troop of friends,
And therefore I come thus arm'd.

Sir C. Oh, Master Sheriff !
I came into the field with many friends, 100
But see, they all have left me ; only one

Clings to my sad misfortune, my dear sister.
I know you for an honest gentleman ;
I yield my weapons, and submit to you.
Convey me where you please !

Sher. To prison, then,
To answer for the lives of these dead men.

Susan. O God ! O God !

Sir C. Sweet sister, every strain
Of sorrow from your heart augments my pain ;
Your grief abounds, and hits against my breast.

Sher. Sir, will you go ?

Sir C. Even where it likes you best. 110
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

*Room in Frankford's House.**Enter Frankford.*

Frank. How happy am I amongst other men,
That in my mean estate embrace content !
I am a gentleman, and by my birth
Companion with a king ; a king 's no more.
I am possess'd of many fair revenues,
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman ;
Touching my mind, I am studious in all arts ;
The riches of my thoughts and of my time
Have been a good proficient ; but, the chief
Of all the sweet felicities on earth,
I have a fair, a chaste, and loving wife,—
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament.
If man on earth may truly happy be,
Of these at once possess'd, sure, I am he.

10

Enter Nicholas.

Nich. Sir, there 's a gentleman attends without
To speak with you.

Frank. On horseback?

Nich. Yes, on horseback.

Frank. Entreat him to alight, and I'll attend him.

Know'st thou him, Nick?

Nich. Know him? Yes; his name is Wendoll.

It seems, he comes in haste: his horse is booted
Up to the flank in mire, himself all spotted 20
And stain'd with plashing. Sure, he rid in fear,
Or for a wager. Horse and man both sweat;
I ne'er saw two in such a smoking heat.

Frank. Entreat him in: about it instantly!

[*Exit Nicholas*

This Wendoll I have noted, and his carriage
Hath pleas'd me much; by observation
I have noted many good deserts in him.
He's affable, and seen in many things;
Discourses well; a good companion;
And though of small means, yet a gentleman 30
Of a good house, though somewhat pressed by
want.

I have preferr'd him to a second place
In my opinion and my best regard.

Enter Wendoll, Mistress Frankford, and Nicholas.

Mrs. F. Oh, Master Frankford! Master Wendoll
here

Brings you the strangest news that e'er you heard.

with Kindness

ACT. II. SC. I.

Frank. What news, sweet wife? What news, good Master Wendoll?

Wen. You knew the match made 'twixt Sir Francis Acton

And Sir Charles Mountford?

Frank. True; with their hounds and hawks. 40

Wen. The matches were both played.

Frank. Ha? And which won?

Wen. Sir Francis, your wife's brother, had the worst,
And lost the wager.

Frank. Why, the worse his chance;
Perhaps the fortune of some other day
Will change his luck.

Mrs. F. ? Windoll Oh, but you hear not all.
Sir Francis lost, and yet was loath to yield.
At length the two knights grew to difference,
From words to blows, and so to banding sides;
~~Where~~ valorous Sir Charles slew, in his spleen,
~~Two of your brother's men,~~ his falconer, 50
And his good huntsman, whom he lov'd so well.
More men were wounded, no more slain out-

Mrs. right.

Frank. Now, trust me, I am sorry for the knight.
But is my brother safe?

Wen. All whole and sound,
His body not being blemish'd with one wound.
But poor Sir Charles is to the prison led,
To answer at th' assize for them that's dead.

Frank. I thank your pains, sir. Had the news been better,

Your will was to have brought it, Master Wendoll.
Sir Charles will find hard friends ; his case is
heinous

And will be most severely censur'd on. 61

I'm sorry for him. Sir, a word with you !

I know you, sir, to be a gentleman

In all things ; your possibility but mean :

Please you to use my table and my purse ;

They 're yours.

Wen. O Lord, sir ! I shall ne'er deserve it.

Frank. O sir, disparage not your worth too much :

You are full of quality and fair desert.

Choose of my men which shall attend you, sir,

And he is yours. I will allow you, sir, 70

Your man, your gelding, and your table, all

At my own charge ; be my companion !

Wen. Master Frankford, I have oft been bound to you

By many favours ; this exceeds them all,

That I shall never merit your least favour ;

But when your last remembrance I forgot,

Heaven at my soul exact that weighty debt !

Frank. There needs no protestation ; for I know you

Virtuous, and therefore grateful.—Prithee, Nan,

Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy ! 80

Mrs. F. As far as modesty may well extend,

It is my duty to receive your friend.

Frank. To dinner ! Come, sir, from this present day,
Welcome to me for ever ! Come, away !

[*Exeunt Frankford, Mistress Frankford,*
and Wendoll.

Nick. I do not like this fellow by no means :
I never see him but my heart still yearns.
Zounds ! I could fight with him, yet know not why ;
The devil and he are all one in mine eye.

Enter Jenkin.

Jen. O Nick ! What gentleman is that, that comes to
lie at our house ? My master allows him one to
wait on him, and I believe it will fall to thy lot. 91

Nick. I love my master ; by these hilts, I do ;
But rather than I 'll ever come to serve him,
I 'll turn away my master.

Enter Cicely.

Cic. Nich'las ! where are you, Nich'las ? You must
come in, Nich'las, and help the young gentleman off
with his boots.

Nick. If I pluck off his boots, I 'll eat the spurs,
And they shall stick fast in my throat like burrs.

Cic. Then, Jenkin, come you ! 100

Jen. Nay, 'tis no boot for me to deny it. My master
hath given me a coat here, but he takes pains him-
self to brush it once or twice a day with a holly-
wand.

Cic. Come, come, make haste, that you may wash your hands again, and help to serve in dinner !

Jen. You may see, my masters, though it be afternoon with you, 'tis yet but early days with us, for we have not din'd yet. Stay a little ; I'll but go in and help to bear up the first course, and come to you again presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

The Gaol.

Enter Malby and Cranwell.

Mal. This is the sessions-day ; pray can you tell me
How young Sir Charles hath sped ? Is he acquit,
Or must he try the laws' strict penalty ?

Cran. He's cleared of all, spite of his enemies,
Whose earnest labour was to take his life.
But in this suit of pardon he hath spent
All the revenues that his father left him ;
And he is now turn'd a plain countryman,
Reform'd in all things. See, sir, here he comes.

Enter Sir Charles and his Keeper.

Keep. Discharge your fees, and you are then at freedom.

10

Sir C. Here, Master Keeper, take the poor remainder
 Of all the wealth I have ! My heavy foes
 Have made my purse light ; but, alas ! to me
 'Tis wealth enough that you have set me free.

Mal. God give you joy of your delivery !
 I am glad to see you abroad, Sir Charles.

Sir C. The poorest knight in England, Master Malby ;
 My life has cost me all my patrimony
 My father left his son. Well, God forgive them
 That are the authors of my penury !

20

Enter Shafton.

Shaft. Sir Charles ! A hand, a hand ! At liberty ?
 Now, by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it.
 What want you ? Wherein may I pleasure you ;

Sir C. Oh me ! Oh, most unhappy gentleman !
 I am not worthy to have friends stirr'd up,
 Whose hands may help me in this plunge of want.
 I would I were in Heaven, to inherit there
 Th' immortal birthright which my Saviour keeps,
 And by no unthrift can be bought and sold ;
 For here on earth what pleasures should we trust ?

Shaft. To rid you from these contemplations, 31
 Three hundred pounds you shall receive of me ;
 Nay, five for fail. Come, sir, the sight of gold
 Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,
 And will revive your spirits. You shall hold law

With your proud adversaries. Tush ! let Frank
Acton

Wage, with his knighthood, like expense with me,
And he will sink, he will.—Nay, good Sir Charles,
Applaud your fortune and your fair escape
From all these perils.

Sir C. Oh, sir ! they have undone me.
Two thousand and five hundred pound a year 41
My father at his death possess'd me of ;
All which the envious Acton made me spend ;
And, notwithstanding all this large expense,
I had much ado to gain my liberty ;
And I have only now a house of pleasure
With some five hundred pounds reserv'd,
Both to maintain me and my loving sister.

Shaft. [aside]. That must I have, it lies convenient for
me.

If I can fasten but one finger on him, 50
With my full hand I 'll gripe him to the heart.
'Tis not for love I proffer'd him this coin,
But for my gain and pleasure.—Come, Sir Charles,
I know you have need of money ; take my offer.

Sir C. Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted
Even to the best of my unable power.
Come, gentlemen, and see it tender'd down !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

*Frankford's House.**Enter Wendoll, melancholy.*

Wen. I am a villain, if I apprehend
But such a thought ! Then, to attempt the deed,
Slave, thou art damn'd without redemption.—
I 'll drive away this passion with a song.
A song ! Ha, ha ! A song ! As if, fond man,
Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy soul
Lies drench'd and drownèd in red tears of blood !
I 'll pray, and see if God within my heart
Plant better thoughts. Why, prayers are medita-
tions,
And when I meditate (oh, God forgive me !) 10
It is on her divine perfections.
I will forget her ; I will arm myself
Not t' entertain a thought of love to her ;
And, when I come by chance into her presence,
I 'll hale these balls until my eye-strings crack,
From being pull'd and drawn to look that way.

*Enter, over the Stage, Frankford, his Wife,
and Nicholas.*

O God, O God ! With what a violence
I 'm hurried to mine own destruction !

There goest thou, the most perfectest man
 That ever England bred a gentleman, 20
 And shall I wrong his bed?—Thou God of thunder!
 Stay, in Thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
 Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand
 From speedy execution on a villain,—
 A villain, and a traitor to his friend.

Enter Jenkin.

Jen. Did your worship call?

Wen. He doth maintain me; he allows me largely
 Money to spend.

Jen. By my faith, so do not you me: I cannot get a
 cross of you. 30

Wen. My gelding, and my man.

Jen. That's Sorrel and I.

Wen. This kindness grows of no alliance 'twixt us.

Jen. Nor is my service of any great acquaintance.

Wen. I never bound him to me by desert.

Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman,
 A man by whom in no kind he could gain,
 He hath plac'd me in the height of all his thoughts,
 Made me companion with the best and chiefest
 In Yorkshire. He cannot eat without me, 40
 Nor laugh without me; I am to his body
 As necessary as [is] his digestion,
 And equally do make him whole or sick.

And shall I wrong this man? Base man! Ingrate!

Hast thou the power, straight with thy gory hands
 To rip thy image from his bleeding heart,
 To scratch thy name from out the holy book
 Of his remembrance, and to wound his name
 That holds thy name so dear? Or rend his heart
 To whom thy heart was knit and join'd together?—
 And yet I must. Then Wendoll, be content! 51
 Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.

Jen. What a strange humour is my new master in!
 Pray God he be not mad; if he should be so, I
 should never have any mind to serve him in Bedlam.
 It may be he's mad for missing of me.

Wen. What, Jenkin! Where's your mistress?

Jen. Is your worship married?

Wen. Why dost thou ask? 59

Jen. Because you are my master; and if I have a mistress, I would be glad, like a good servant, to do my duty to her.

Wen. I mean Mistress Frankford.

Jen. Marry, sir, her husband is riding out of town, and she went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horse. Do you see, sir? Here she comes, and here I go.

Wen. Vanish!

[Exit Jenkin.]

Enter Mistress Frankford.

Mrs. F. You are well met, sir ; now, in troth, my husband,
 Before he took horse, had a great desire 70
 To speak with you ; we sought about the house,
 Halloo'd into the fields, sent every way,
 But could not meet you. Therefore, he enjoin'd me
 To do unto you his most kind commends,—
 Nay, more : he wills you, as you prize his love,
 Or hold in estimation his kind friendship,
 To make bold in his absence, and command
 Even as himself were present in the house ;
 For you must keep his table, use his servants,
 And be a present Frankford in his absence. 80

Wen. I thank him for his love.—

[*Aside.*] Give me a name, you, whose infectious tongues
 Are tipp'd with gall and poison : as you would
 Think on a man that had your father slain,
 Murder'd your children, made your wives base
 strumpets,
 So call me, call me so ; print in my face
 The most stigmatic title of a villain,
 For hatching treason to so true a friend !

Mrs. F. Sir, you are much beholding to my husband ;
 You are a man most dear in his regard. 90

Wen. I am bound unto your husband, and you too.

[*Aside.*] I will not speak to wrong a gentleman
 Of that good estimation, my kind friend.

I will not ; zounds ! I will not. I may choose,
 And I will choose. Shall I be so misled,
 Or shall I purchase to my father's crest
 The motto of a villain ? If I say
 I will not do it, what thing can enforce me ?
 What can compel me ? What sad destiny
 Hath such command upon my yielding thoughts ?
 I will not ;—ha ! Some fury pricks me on ; 101
 The swift fates drag me at their chariot wheel,
 And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must :
 Injure myself, wrong her, deceive his trust !

Mrs. F. Are you not well, sir, that you seem thus
 troubled ?

There is sedition in your countenance.

Wen. And in my heart, fair angel, chaste and wise.

I love you ! Start not, speak not, answer not ;

I love you,—nay, let me speak the rest ;

Bid me to swear, and I will call to record 110

The host of Heaven.

Mrs. F. The host of Heaven forbid

Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought !

Wen. Such is my fate ; to this suit was I born,

To wear rich pleasure's crown, or fortune's scorn.

Mrs. F. My husband loves you.

Wen. I know it.

Mrs. F. He esteems you,

Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart.

Wen. I have tried it.

Mrs. F. His purse is your exchequer, and his table
Doth freely serve you.

Wen. So I have found it.

Mrs. F. Oh ! With what face of brass, what brow of steel,
Can you, unblushing, speak this to the face 121
Of the espous'd wife of so dear a friend ?
It is my husband that maintains your state,—
Will you dishonour him ? I am his wife,
That in your power hath left his whole affairs.
It is to me you speak.

Wen. O speak no more ;
For more than this I know, and have recorded
Within the red-leav'd table of my heart.
Fair, and of all belov'd, I was not fearful
Bluntly to give my life into your hand, 130
And at one hazard all my earthly means.
Go, tell your husband ; he will turn me off,
And I am then undone. I care not, I ;
'Twas for your sake. Perchance, in rage he'll kill me ;
I care not, 'twas for you. Say I incur
The general name of villain through the world,
Of traitor to my friend ; I care not, I.
Beggary, shame, death, scandal, and reproach,—
For you I 'll hazard all. Why, what care I ?
For you I 'll love, and in your love I 'll die. 140

Mrs. F. You move me, sir, to passion and to pity.
The love I bear my husband is as precious
As my soul's health.

Wen.

I love your husband too,

And for his love I will engage my life.

Mistake me not ; the augmentation

Of my sincere affection borne to you

Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.

I will be secret, lady, close as night ;

And not the light of one small glorious star

Shall shine here in my forehead, to bewray

150

That act of night.

Mrs. F.

What shall I say ?

My soul is wandering, and hath lost her way.

Oh, Master Wendoll ! Oh !

Wen.

Sigh not, sweet saint ;

For every sigh you breathe draws from my heart

A drop of blood.

Mrs. F.

I ne'er offended yet :

My fault, I fear, will in my brow be writ.

Women that fall, not quite bereft of grace,

Have their offences noted in their face.

I blush, and am ashamed. Oh, Master Wendoll,

Pray God I be not born to curse your tongue, 160

That hath enchanted me ! This maze I am in

I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

*Enter Nicholas, behind.**Wen.* The path of pleasure, and the gate to bliss,

Which on your lips I knock at with a kiss !

Nich. I'll kill the rogue.

Wen. Your husband is from home, your bed's no blab.
Nay, look not down and blush!

[*Exeunt Wendoll and Mistress Frankford.*

Nich. Zounds! I'll stab.
Ay, Nick, was it thy chance to come just in the
nick?

I love my master, and I hate that slave;
I love my mistress; but these tricks I like not. 170
My master shall not pocket up this wrong;
I'll eat my fingers first. What say'st thou, metal?
Does not that rascal Wendoll go on legs
That thou must cut off? Hath he not hamstrings
That thou must hough? Nay, metal, thou shalt
stand

To all I say. I'll henceforth turn a spy,
And watch them in their close conveyances.
I never look'd for better of that rascal,
Since he came miching first into our house.
It is that Satan hath corrupted her; 180
For she was fair and chaste. I'll have an eye
In all their gestures. Thus I think of them:
If they proceed as they have done before,
Wendoll's a knave, my mistress is a — [Exit.]

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

Sir Charles Mountford's House.

Enter Sir Charles Mountford and Susan.

Sir. C. Sister, you see we are driven to hard shift,
To keep this poor house we have left unsold.
I am now enforced to follow husbandry,
And you to milk ; and do we not live well ?
Well, I thank God.

Susan. Oh, brother ! here's a change,
Since old Sir Charles died in our father's house.

Sir. C. All things on earth thus change, some up, some
down ;
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

Enter Shafton, with a Sergeant.

Shaft. Good morrow, morrow, Sir Charles ! What ! With
your sister,
Plying your husbandry ?—Sergeant, stand off !— You
have a pretty house here, and a garden,

And goodly ground about it. Since it lies
So near a lordship that I lately bought,
I would fain buy it of you. I will give you—

Sir. C. Oh, pardon me ; this house successively
Hath long'd to me and my progenitors
Three hundred years. My great-great-grandfather,
He in whom first our gentle style began,
Dwelt here, and in this ground increased this
mole-hill

Unto that mountain which my father left me. 20
Where he the first of all our house began,
I now the last will end, and keep this house,—
This virgin title, never yet deflowered
By any unthrift of the Mountfords' line.
In brief, I will not sell it for more gold
Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.

Shaft. Ha, ha ! a proud mind and a beggar's purse !
Where's my three hundred pounds, besides the
use ?

I have brought it to an execution
By course of law. What ! Is my money ready ? 30

Sir. C. An execution, sir, and never tell me
You put my bond in suit ? You deal extremely.

Shaft. Sell me the land, and I 'll acquit you straight.

Sir. C. Alas, alas ! 'Tis all trouble hath left me,
To cherish me and my poor sister's life.
If this were sold, our names should then be quite
Raz'd from the bead-roll of gentility.

You see what hard shift we have made to keep it
 Allied still to our name. This palm you see,
 Labour hath glow'd within ; her silver brow, 40
 That never tasted a rough winter's blast
 Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace
 Defy cold winter, and his storms' outface.

Susan. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour hard ;
 We lie uneasy, to reserve to us
 And our succession this small spot of ground.

Sir C. I have so bent my thoughts to husbandry,
 That I protest I scarcely can remember
 What a new fashion is ; how silk or satin
 Feels in my hand. Why, pride is grown to us
 A mere, mere stranger. I have quite forgot 50
 The names of all that ever waited on me.
 I cannot name ye any of my hounds,
 Once from whose echoing mouths I heard all
 music

That e'er my heart desired. What should I say ?
 To keep this place, I have chang'd myself away.

Shaft. Arrest him at my suit !—Actions and actions
 Shall keep thee in continual bondage fast ;
 Nay, more, I 'll sue thee by a late appeal,
 And call thy former life in question. 60
 The keeper is my friend ; thou shalt have irons,
 And usage such as I 'll deny to dogs.—
 Away with him !

Sir. C. You are too timorous.

But trouble is my master,
 And I will serve him truly.—My kind sister,
 Thy tears are of no use to mollify
 The flinty man. Go to my father's brother,
 My kinsmen, and allies ; entreat them for me,
 To ransom me from this injurious man
 That seeks my ruin.

Shaft. Come, irons ! Come away ; 70
 I'll see thee lodged far from the sight of day.

[*Exeunt, except Susan.*

Susan. My heart's so hardened with the frost of grief,
 Death cannot pierce it through.—Tyrant too fell !
 So lead the fiends condemnèd souls to hell.

Enter Sir Francis Acton and Malby.

Sir F. Again to prison ! Malby, hast thou seen
 A poor slave better tortur'd ? Shall we hear
 The music of his voice cry from the grate,
Meat, for the Lord's sake? No, no ; yet I am not
 Thoroughly reveng'd. They say, he hath a pretty
 wench
 To his sister ; shall I, in mercy-sake 80
 To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool
 To shame herself by lewd, dishonest lust ?
 I'll proffer largely ; but, the deed being done,
 I'll smile to see her base confusion.

Mal. Methinks, Sir Francis, you are full reveng'd

For greater wrongs than he can proffer you.

See where the poor sad gentlewoman stands !

Sir F. Ha, ha ! Now will I flout her poverty,
Deride her fortunes, scoff her base estate ;
My very soul the name of Mountford hates. 90
But stay, my heart ! Oh, what a look did fly
To strike my soul through with thy piercing eye !
I am enchanted ; all my spirits are fled,
And with one glance my envious spleen struck
dead.

Susan. Acton ! That seeks our blood ! [Runs away.

Sir F. O chaste and fair !

Mal. Sir Francis ! Why, Sir Francis ! in a trance ?
Sir Francis ! What cheer, man ? Come, come,
how is't ?

Sir F. Was she not fair ? Or else this judging eye
Cannot distinguish beauty.

Mal. She was fair.

Sir F. She was an angel in a mortal's shape, 100
And ne'er descended from old Mountford's line.
But soft, soft, let me call my wits together !
A poor, poor wench, to my great adversary
Sister, whose very souls denounce stern war
One against other ! How now, Frank, turn'd fool
Or madman, whether ? But no ! Master of
My perfect senses and directest wits.
Then why should I be in this violent humour
Of passion and of love ? And with a person

So different every way, and so opposed 110
 In all contractions and still-warring actions?
 Fie, fie! How I dispute against my soul!
 Come, come; I'll gain her, or in her fair quest
 Purchase my soul free and immortal rest. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II

Frankford's House.

Enter three or four Serving-men, one with a voider and a wooden knife, to take away all; another with the salt and bread; another with the table-cloth and napkins; another with the carpet; Jenkin with two lights after them.

Jen. So; march in order, and retire in battle array!
 My master and the guests have supp'd already; all's taken away. Here, now spread for the serving-men in the hall!—Butler, it belongs to your office.

But. I know it, Jenkin. What d'ye call the gentleman that supp'd there to-night?

Jen. Who? My master?

But. No, no; Master Wendoll, he's a daily guest. I mean the gentleman that came but this afternoon.

Jen. His name's Master Cranwell. God's light! Hark, within there; my master calls to lay more billets upon the fire. Come, come! Lord, how we that are in office here are troubled! One spread the carpet in the parlour, and stand ready to snuff

the lights ; the rest be ready to prepare their stomachs ! More lights in the hall, there ! Come, Nicholas. [Exeunt all but Nicholas.]

Nich. I cannot eat ; but had I Wendoll's heart,
I would eat. The rogue grows impudent.
Oh ! I have seen such vile, notorious tricks, 20
Ready to make my eyes dart from my head.
I'll tell my master ; by this air, I will ;
Fall what may fall, I'll tell him. Here he comes.

*Enter Master Frankford, as it were brushing the crumbs
from his clothes with a napkin, as newly risen from
supper.*

Frank. Nicholas, what make you here ? Why are not
you
At supper in the hall, among your fellows ?
Nich. Master, I stay'd your rising from the board,
To speak with you.

Frank. Be brief then, gentle Nicholas ;
My wife and guests attend me in the parlour.
Why dost thou pause ? Now, Nicholas, you want
money,
And, unthrift-like, would eat into your wages 30
Ere you had earned it. Here, sir, 's half-a-crown ;
Play the good husband,—and away to supper !

Nich. By this hand, an honourable gentleman ! I will
not see him wrong'd.
Sir, I have serv'd you long ; you entertained me

Seven years before your beard ; you knew me, sir,
Before you knew my mistress.

Frank. What of this, good Nicholas ?

Nich. I never was a make-bate or a knave ;

I have no fault but one—I'm given to quarrel, 40
But not with women. I will tell you, master,
That which will make your heart leap from your
breast,

Your hair start from your head, your ears to tingle.

Frank. What preparation's this to dismal news ?

Nich. 'Sblood ! sir, I love you better than your wife.

I'll make it good.

Frank. You are a knave, and I have much ado
With wonted patience to contain my rage,
And not to break thy pate. Thou art a knave.
I'll turn you, with your base comparisons, 50
Out of my doors.

Nich. Do, do.

There is not room for Wendoll and me too,
Both in one house. O master, master,
That Wendoll is a villain !

Frank. Ay, saucy ?

Nich. Strike, strike, do strike ; yet hear me ! I am no fool ;
I know a villain, when I see him act
Deeds of a villain. Master, that base slave
Enjoys my mistress, and dishonours you.

Frank. Thou hast kill'd me with a weapon, whose sharp
point

Hath prick'd quite through and through my shivering heart. 60

Drops of cold sweat sit dangling on my hairs,
Like morning's dew upon the golden flowers,
And I am plung'd into strange agonies.

What did'st thou say? If any word that touch'd
His credit, or her reputation,
It is as hard to enter my belief,
As Dives into heaven.

Nich. I can gain nothing :
They are two that never wrong'd me. I knew before
'Twas but a thankless office, and perhaps
As much as is my service, or my life 70
Is worth. All this I know ; but this, and more,
More by a thousand dangers, could not hire me
To smother such a heinous wrong from you.
I saw, and I have said.

Frank. 'Tis probable. Though blunt, yet he is honest.
Though I durst pawn my life, and on their faith
Hazard the dear salvation of my soul,
Yet in my trust I may be too secure.
May this be true? Oh, may it? Can it be?
Is it by any wonder possible? 80
Man, woman, what thing mortal can we trust,
When friends and bosom wives prove so unjust?—
What instance hast thou of this strange report?

Nich. Eyes, master, eyes.

Frank. Thy eyes may be deceiv'd, I tell thee;

For should an angel from the heavens drop down,
 And preach this to me that thyself hast told,
 He should have much ado to win belief ;
 In both their loves I am so confident.

Nich. Shall I discourse the same by circumstance ? 90

Frank. No more ! To supper, and command your fellows
 To attend us and the strangers ! Not a word,
 I charge thee, on thy life ! Be secret, then ;
 For I know nothing.

Nich. I am dumb ; and, now that I have eas'd my
 stomach,

I will go fill my stomach. [Exit.]

Frank. Away ! Begone !

She is well born, descended nobly ;
 Virtuous her education ; her reput
 Is in the general voice of all the country
 Honest and fair ; her carriage, her demeanour, 100
 In all the actions that concern the love
 To me her husband, modest, chaste, and godly.
 Is all this seeming gold plain copper ?
 But he, that Judas that hath borne my purse,
 Hath sold me for a sin. O God ! O God !
 Shall I put up these wrongs ? No ! Shall I trust
 The bare report of this suspicious groom,
 Before the double-gilt, the well-hatched ore
 Of their two hearts ? No, I will lose these
 thoughts ;

Distraction I will banish from my brow,

110

And from my looks exile sad discontent.
 Their wonted favours in my tongue shall flow ;
 Till I know all, I'll nothing seem to know.—
 Lights and a table there ! Wife, Master Wendoll,
 And gentle Master Cranwell !

Enter Mistress Frankford, Master Wendoll, Master Cranwell, Nicholas, and Jenkin with cards, carpets, stools, and other necessaries.

Frank. O ! Master Cranwell, you are a stranger here,
 And often baulk my house ; faith y'are a churl !—
 Now we have supp'd, a table, and to cards !

Jen. A pair of cards, Nicholas, and a carpet to cover
 the table ! Where's Cicely, with her counters and
 her box ? Candles and candlesticks, there ! Fie !
 We have such a household of serving-creatures !
 Unless it be Nick and I, there's not one amongst
 them all that can say bo to a goose.—Well said,
 Nick !

[They spread a carpet ; set down lights and cards.

Mrs. F. Come, Mr. Frankford, who shall take my part ?
Frank. That will I, sweet wife.

Wen. No, by my faith, when you are together, I sit out.
 It must be Mistress Frankford and I, or else it is no
 match. 130

Frank. I do not like that match.

Nich. [Aside.] You have no reason, marry, knowing all.

Frank. 'Tis no great matter, neither.—Come, Master Cranwell, shall you and I take them up?

Cran. At your pleasure, sir.

Frank. I must look to you, Master Wendoll; for you'll be playing false. Nay, so will my wife, too.

Nich. [Aside.] I will be sworn she will.

Mrs F. Let them that are taken false, forfeit the set!

Frank. Content; it shall go hard but I'll take you. 140

Cran. Gentlemen, what shall our game be?

Wen. Master Frankford, you play best at noddy.

Frank. You shall not find it so; indeed, you shall not.

Mrs. F. I can play at nothing so well as double-ruff.

Frank. If Master Wendoll and my wife be together, there's no playing against them at double-hand.

Nich. I can tell you, sir, the game that Master Wendoll is best at.

Wen. What game is that, Nick?

Nich. Marry, sir, knave out of doors.

150

Wen. She and I will take you at lodam.

Mrs. F. Husband, shall we play at saint?

Frank. [Aside.] My saint's turned devil.—No, we'll none of saint:

You are best at new-cut, wife, you'll play at that.

Wen. If you play at new-cut, I'm soonest hitter of any here, for a wager.

Frank. [Aside.] 'Tis me they play on.—Well, you may draw out;

For all your cunning, 'twill be to your shame;

I'll teach you, at your new-cut, a new game.

Come, come !

160

Cran. If you cannot agree upon the game, to post and pair !

Wen. We shall be soonest pairs ; and my good host,
When he comes late home, he must kiss the post.

Frank. Whoever wins, it shall be to thy cost.

Cran. Faith, let it be vide-ruff, and let's make honours !

Frank. If you make honours, one thing let me crave :
Honour the king and queen, except the knave.

Wen. Well, as you please for that.—Lift, who shall
deal ?

Mrs. F. The least in sight. What are you, Master
Wendoll ?

170

Wen. I am a knave.

Nich. [Aside.] I'll swear it.

Mrs. F. I am queen.

Frank. [Aside.] A quean, thou should'st say.—Well,
the cards are mine :

They are the grossest pair that e'er I felt.

Mrs. F. Shuffle, I'll cut : would I had never dealt !

Frank. I have lost my dealing.

Wen. Sir, the fault's in me ;
This queen I have more than mine own, you see.
Give me the stock !

Frank. My mind's not on my game.
Many a deal I've lost ; the more's your shame.
You have serv'd me a bad trick, Master Wendoll.

Wen. Sir, you must take your lot. To end this strife,
I know I have dealt better with your wife. 181

Frank. Thou hast dealt falsely, then.

Mrs. F. What's trumps?

Wen. Hearts. Partner, I rub.

Frank. [Aside.] Thou robb'st me of my soul, of her
chaste love;

In thy false dealing thou hast robbed my heart.—

Booty you play; I like a loser stand,
Having no heart or here, or in my hand.

I will give o'er the set, I am not well.

Come, who will hold my cards?

190

Mrs. F. Not well, sweet Master Frankford?

Alas, what ails you? 'Tis some sudden qualm.

Wen. How long have you been so, Master Frankford?

Frank. Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health,

But I grew ill when you began to deal.—

Take hence this table!—Gentle Master Cranwell,
Y'are welcome; see your chamber at your pleasure!
I am sorry that this megrim takes me so,
I cannot sit and bear you company.—

199

Jenkin, some lights, and show him to his chamber!

Mrs. F. A nightgown for my husband; quickly, there!

It is some rheum or cold.

Wen. Now, in good faith,
This illness you have got by sitting late
Without your gown.

Frank. I know it, Master Wendoll.

Go, go to bed, lest you complain like me !—
 Wife, pr'ythee, wife, into my bed-chamber !
 The night is raw and cold, and rheumatic.
 Leave me my gown and light ; I'll walk away my
 fit.

Wen. Sweet sir, good night !

Frank. Myself, good night ! [Exit *Wendoll.*

Mrs. F. Shall I attend you, husband ? 210

Frank. No, gentle wife, thou'lt catch cold in thy head.

Pr'ythee, begone, sweet ; I'll make haste to bed.

Mrs. F. No sleep will fasten on mine eyes, you know,
 Until you come. [Exit.

Frank. Sweet Nan, I pr'ythee, go !—
 I have bethought me ; get me by degrees
 The keys of all my doors, which I will mould
 In wax, and take their fair impression,
 To have by them new keys. This being compass'd,
 At a set hour a letter shall be brought me,
 And when they think they may securely play, 220
 They nearest are to danger.—Nick, I must rely
 Upon thy trust and faithful secrecy.

Nich. Build on my faith !

Frank. To bed, then, not to rest !
 Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Old Mountford's House.

*Enter Sir Charles's Sister, Old Mountford, Sandy,
Roder, and Tidy.*

Old Mount. You say my nephew is in great distress ;
Who brought it to him, but his own lewd life ?
I cannot spare a cross. I must confess,
He was my brother's son ; why, niece, what then ?
This is no world in which to pity men.

Susan. I was not born a beggar, though his extremes
Enforce this language from me. I protest
No fortune of mine own could lead my tongue
To this base key. I do beseech you, uncle,
For the name's sake, for Christianity,— 10
Nay, for God's sake, to pity his distress.
He is denied the freedom of the prison,
And in the hole is laid with men condemn'd ;
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remains in you to free him thence.

Old Mount. Money I cannot spare ; men should take
heed.

He lost my kindred when he fell to need. [Exit.]

Susan. Gold is but earth ; thou earth enough shalt
have,
When thou hast once took measure of thy grave.
You know me, Master Sandy, and my suit. 20

Sandy. I knew you, lady, when the old man liv'd ;
 I knew you ere your brother sold his land.
 Then you were Mistress Sue, trick'd up in jewels ;
 Then you sang well, play'd sweetly on the lute ;
 But now I neither know you nor your suit. [Exit.]

Susan. You, Master Roder, was my brother's tenant ;
 Rent-free he plac'd you in that wealthy farm,
 Of which you are possess'd.

Roder. True, [true,] he did ;
 And have I not there dwelt still for his sake ?
 I have some business now ; but, without doubt, 30
 They that have hurl'd him in, will help him out.
 [Exit.]

Susan. Cold comfort still. What say you, cousin Tidy ?
Tidy. I say this comes of roysting, swaggering.
 Call me not cousin ; each man for himself !
 Some men are born to mirth, and some to sorrow :
 I am no cousin unto them that borrow. [Exit.]

Susan. O Charity, why art thou fled to heaven,'
 And left all things upon this earth uneven ?
 Their scoffing answers I will ne'er return,
 But to myself his grief in silence mourn. 40

Enter Sir Francis and Malby.

Sir F. She is poor, I'll therefore tempt her with this
 gold.
 Go, Malby, in my name deliver it,
 And I will stay thy answer.

Mal. Fair mistress, as I understand your grief
 Doth grow from want, so I have here in store
 A means to furnish you, a bag of gold,
 Which to your hands I freely tender you.

Susan. I thank you, Heavens ! I thank you, gentle sir :
 God make me able to requite this favour !

Mal. This gold Sir Francis Acton sends by me, 50
 And prays you——

Susan. Acton ? O God ! That name I'm born to
 curse.

Hence, bawd ; hence, broker ! See, I spurn his
 gold.

My honour never shall for gain be sold.

Sir F. Stay, lady, stay !

Susan. From you I'll posting hie,
 Even as the doves from feather'd eagles fly. [Exit.

Sir F. She hates my name, my face ; how should I woo ?
 I am disgrac'd in every thing I do.

The more she hates me, and disdains my love,
 The more I am rapt in admiration 60
 Of her divine and chaste perfections.

Woo her with gifts I cannot, for all gifts
 Sent in my name she spurns ; with looks I cannot,
 For she abhors my sight ; nor yet with letters,
 For none she will receive. How then ? how then ?
 Well, I will fasten such a kindness on her,
 As shall o'ercome her hate and conquer it.
Sir Charles, her brother, lies in execution

For a great sum of money; and, besides,
The appeal is sued still for my huntsmen's death,
Which only I have power to reverse. 71
In her I 'll bury all my hate of him.—
Go seek the Keeper, Malby, bring him to me !
To save his body, I his debts will pay ;
To save his life, I his appeal will stay. [Exeunt]

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

A Prison in York Castle.

*Enter Sir Charles Mountford, with irons, his feet bare,
his garments all ragged and torn.*

Sir C. Of all on the earth's face most miserable,
 Breathe in this hellish dungeon thy laments !
 Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a felon gyv'd,—
 That hurls thee headlong to this base estate.
 Oh, unkind uncle ! Oh, my friends ingrate !
 Unthankful kinsmen ! Mountford's all too base,
 To let thy name be fetter'd in disgrace.
 A thousand deaths here in this grave I die ;
 Fear, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my death,
 And join together to deprive my breath. 10
 But that which most torments me, my dear sister
 Hath left to visit me, and from my friends
 Hath brought no hopeful answer ; therefore, I
 Divine they will not help my misery.
 If it be so, shame, scandal, and contempt

Attend their covetous thoughts ; need make their
graves !

Usurers they live, and may they die like slaves !

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee freedom
From all thy troubles.

Sir C. Then, I am doom'd to die :
Death is the end of all calamity. 20

Keep. Live ! Your appeal is stay'd ; the execution
Of all your debts discharg'd ; your creditors
Even to the utmost penny satisfied.
In sign whereof your shackles I knock off.
You are not left so much indebted to us
As for your fees ; all is discharg'd ; all paid.
Go freely to your house, or where you please ;
After long miseries, embrace your ease.

Sir C. Thou grumblest out the sweetest music to me
That ever organ play'd.—Is this a dream ? 30
Or do my waking senses apprehend
The pleasing taste of these applausive news ?
Slave that I was, to wrong such honest friends,
My loving kinsman, and my near allies !
Tongue, I will bite thee for the scandal breath'd
Against such faithful kinsmen ; they are all
Compos'd of pity and compassion,
Of melting charity and of moving ruth.
That which I spoke before was in my rage ;

They are my friends, the mirrors of this age ; 40
 Bounteous and free. The noble Mountford's race
 Ne'er bred a covetous thought, or humour base.

Enter Susan.

Susan. I cannot longer stay from visiting
 My woful brother. While I could, I kept
 My hapless tidings from his hopeful ear.

Sir C. Sister, how much am I indebted to thee
 And to thy travail !

Susan. What, at liberty ?

Sir C. Thou seest I am, thanks to thy industry.

Oh ! Unto which of all my courteous friends

Am I thus bound ? My uncle Mountford, he 50

Even from an infant lov'd me ; was it he ?

So did my cousin Tidy ; was it he ?

So Master Roder, Master Sandy, too.

Which of all these did this high kindness do ?

Susan. Charles, can you mock me in my poverty,

Knowing your friends deride your misery ?

Now, I protest I stand so much amaz'd,

To see your bonds free, and your irons knock'd off,

That I am rapt into a maze of wonder ;

The rather for I know not by what means 60

This happiness hath chanc'd.

Sir C. Why, by my uncle,
 My cousins and my friends ; who else, I pray,
 Would take upon them all my debts to pay ?

Susan. Oh, brother ! they are men [made] all of flint,
 Pictures of marble, and as void of pity
 As chasèd bears. I begg'd, I sued, I kneel'd,
 Laid open all your griefs and miseries,
 Which they derided ; more than that, denied us
 A part in their alliance ; but, in pride,
 Said that our kindred with our plenty died. 70

Sir C. Drudges too much,—what did they ? Oh, known
 evil !

Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the devil.
 Whence should my freedom come ? Of whom
 alive,
 Saving of those, have I deserved so well ?
 Guess, sister, call to mind, remember me !
 These have I rais'd, they follow the world's guise,
 Whom rich in honour, they in woe despise.

Susan. My wits have lost themselves ; let's ask the
 keeper !

Sir C. Gaoler !

Keep. At hand, sir. 80

Sir C. Of courtesy resolve me one demand !

What was he took the burden of my debts
 From off my back, staid my appeal to death,
 Discharg'd my fees, and brought me liberty ?

Keep. A courteous knight, and call'd Sir Francis Acton.

Sir C. Ha ! Acton ! Oh, me ! More distress'd in this
 Than all my troubles ! Hale me back,
 Double my irons, and my sparing meals

Put into halves, and lodge me in a dungeon
 More deep, more dark, more cold, more comfort-
 less ! 90

By Acton freed ! Not all thy manacles
 Could fetter so my heels, as this one word
 Hath thrall'd my heart ; and it must now lie bound
 In more strict prison than thy stony gaol.
 I am not free, I go but under bail.

Keep. My charge is done, sir, now I have my fees ;
 As we get little, we will nothing leese.

Sir C. By Acton freed, my dangerous opposite !
 Why, to what end, or what occasion ? Ha !
 Let me forget the name of enemy, 100
 And with indifference balance this high favour !
 Ha !

Susan. [Aside.] His love to me, upon my soul, 'tis so !
 That is the root from whence these strange things
 grow.

Sir C. Had this proceeded from my father, he
 That by the law of Nature is most bound
 In offices of love, it had deserv'd
 My best employment to requite that grace.
 Had it proceeded from my friends, or his,
 From them this action had deserv'd my life,— 110
 And from a stranger more, because from such
 There is less execution of good deeds.
 But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,
 More than a stranger, both remote in blood,

And in his heart oppos'd my enemy,
 That this high bounty should proceed from him,—
 Oh ! there I lose myself. What should I say,
 What think, what do, this bounty to repay?

Susan. You wonder, I am sure, whence this strange
 kindness

Proceeds in Acton ; I will tell you, brother. 120
 He dotes on me, and oft hath sent me gifts,
 Letters, and tokens ; I refus'd them all.

Sir C. I have enough, though poor : my heart is set,
 In one rich gift to pay back all my debt. [Exit.]

SCENE II

Frankford's House.

*Enter Frankford and Nicholas, with keys and a
 letter in his hand.*

Frank. This is the night that I must play my part,
 To try two seeming angels.—Where's my keys ?

Nich. They are made according to your mould in wax.
 I bade the smith be secret, gave him money,
 And here they are. The letter, sir !

Frank. True, take it, there it is ;
 And when thou seest me in my pleasant'st vein,
 Ready to sit to supper, bring it me !

Nich. I'll do't ; make no more question, but I'll do it.
 [Exit.]

*Enter Mistress Frankford, Cranwell, Wendoll,
and Jenkin.*

Mrs. F. Sirrah, 'tis six o'clock already struck; 10

Go bid them spread the cloth, and serve in supper!

Jen. It shall be done, forsooth, mistress. Where's Spigot, the butler, to give us our salt and trenchers?

Wen. We that have been a hunting all the day,
Come with prepared stomachs.—Master Frankford,
We wish'd you at our sport.

Frank. My heart was with you, and my mind was on
you.—

Fie, Master Cranwell! You are still thus sad.—

A stool, a stool! Where's Jenkin, and where's Nick?

'Tis supper time at least an hour ago. 20

What's the best news abroad?

Wen. I know none good.

Frank. [Aside.] But I know too much bad,

*Enter Butler and Jenkin, with a table-cloth, bread,
trenchers, and salt; then exeunt.*

Cran. Methinks, sir, you might have that interest
In your wife's brother, to be more remiss
In his hard dealing against poor Sir Charles,
Who, as I hear, lies in York Castle, needy
And in great want.

Frank. Did not more weighty business of mine own

with Kindness

ACT IV. SC. 2.

Hold me away, I would have labour'd peace
Betwixt them with all care ; indeed I would, sir.

Mrs. F. I'll write unto my brother earnestly
In that behalf. 31

Wen. A charitable deed,
And will beget the good opinion
Of all your friends that love you, Mistress Frank-
ford.

Frank. That's you, for one; I know you love Sir Charles,

And my wife too, well.

Wen. He deserves the love
Of all true gentlemen ; be yourselves judge !

Frank. But supper, ho!—Now, as thou lov'st me,
Wendoll,

Which I am sure thou dost, be merry, pleasant,
And frolic it to-night !—Sweet Mr. Cranwell,40
Do you the like !—Wife, I protest, my heart
Was ne'er more bent on sweet alacrity.
Where be those lazy knaves to serve in supper ?

Enter Nicholas.

Nich. Here's a letter, sir.

Frank. Whence comes it, and who brought it?

Nich. A stripling that below attends your answer.

And, as he tells me, it is sent from York.

Frank. Have him into the cellar, let him taste
A cup of our March beer : go, make him drink !

Nich. I 'll make him drunk, if he be a Trojan.

Frank. [After reading the letter.] My boots and spurs !

Where's Jenkin ? God forgive me, 51
 How I neglect my business !—Wife, look here !
 I have a matter to be tried to-morrow
 By eight o'clock ; and my attorney writes me,
 I must be there betimes with evidence,
 Or it will go against me. Where's my boots ?

Enter Jenkin, with boots and spurs.

Mrs. F. I hope your business craves no such despatch,
 That you must ride to-night ?

Wen. [Aside.] I hope it doth.

Frank. God's me ! No such despatch ?

Jenkin, my boots ! Where's Nick ? Saddle my
 roan, 60

And the grey dapple for himself !—Content ye,
 It much concerns me.—Gentle Master Cranwell,
 And Master Wendoll, in my absence use
 The very ripest pleasures of my house !

Wen. Lord ! Master Frankford, will you ride to-night ?
 The ways are dangerous.

Frank. Therefore will I ride
 Appointed well ; and so shall Nick, my man.

Mrs. F. I 'll call you up by five o'clock to-morrow.

Frank. No, by my faith, wife, I 'll not trust to that :
 'Tis not such easy rising in a morning 70

From one I love so dearly. No, by my faith,
 I shall not leave so sweet a bedfellow,
 But with much pain. You have made me a sluggard
 Since I first knew you.

Mrs. F. Then, if you needs will go
 This dangerous evening, Master Wendoll,
 Let me entreat you bear him company.

Wen. With all my heart, sweet mistress.—My boots,
 there !

Frank. Fie, fie, that for my private business
 I should disease my friend, and be a trouble
 To the whole house !—Nick !

Nich. Anon, sir ! 80

Frank. Bring forth my gelding !—As you love me, sir,
 Use no more words : a hand, good Master Cran-
 well !

Cran. Sir, God be your speed !

Frank. Good night, sweet Nan ; nay, nay, a kiss, and
 part !

[*Aside.*] Dissembling lips, you suit not with my heart.

[*Exeunt Frankford and Nicholas.*]

Wen. [*Aside.*] How business, time, and hours, all
 gracious prove,

And are the furtherers of my new-born love !
 I am husband now in Master Frankford's place,
 And must command the house.—My pleasure is
 We will not sup abroad so publicly, 90
 But in your private chamber, Mistress Frankford.

Mrs. F. Oh, sir ! you are too public in your love,
And Master Frankford's wife—

Cran. Might I crave favour,
I would entreat you I might see my chamber.
I am on the sudden grown exceeding ill,
And would be spard from supper.

Wen. Light there, ho !—
See you want nothing, sir, for if you do,
You injure that good man, and wrong me too.

Cran. I will make bold ; good night ! [Exit.]

Wen. How all conspire
To make our bosom sweet, and full entire ! 100
Come, Nan, I pr'ythee, let us sup within !

Mrs. F. Oh ! what a clog unto the soul is sin !
We pale offenders are still full of fear ;
Every suspicious eye brings danger near ;
When they, whose clear hearts from offence are free,
Despite report, base scandals do outface,
And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.

Wen. Fie, fie ! You talk too like a puritan.

Mrs. F. You have tempted me to mischief, Master
Wendoll :

I have done I know not what. Well, you plead
custom ; 110

That which for want of wit I granted erst,
I now must yield through fear. Come, come, let's
in ;

Once over shoes, we are straight o'er head in sin.

Wen. My jocund soul is joyful beyond measure ;
I 'll be profuse in Frankford's richest treasure.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Another part of the House.

Enter Cicely, Jenkin, and Butler.

Jen. My mistress and Master Wendoll, my master, sup
in her chamber to-night. Cicely, you are preferred,
from being the cook, to be chambermaid. Of all
the loves betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou
think'st of this ?

Cic. Mum ; there's an old proverb,—when the cat's
away, the mouse may play.

Jen. Now you talk of a cat, Cicely, I smell a rat.

Cis. Good words, Jenkin, lest you be called to answer
them !

10

Jen. Why, God make my mistress an honest woman !
Are not these good words ? Pray God my new
master play not the knave with my old master ! Is
there any hurt in this ? God send no villainy in-
tended ; and if they do sup together, pray God they
do not lie together ! God make my mistress chaste,
and make us all His servants ! What harm is there
in all this ? Nay, more ; here is my hand, thou
shalt never have my heart, unless thou say, Amen.

Cic. Amen ; I pray God, I say.

20

Enter Serving-man.

Serving-man. My mistress sends that you should make less noise. So, lock up the doors, and see the household all got to bed ! You, Jenkin, for this night are made the porter, to see the gates shut in.

Jen. Thus by little and little I creep into office. Come, to kennel, my masters, to kennel ; 'tis eleven o'clock already.

Serving-man. When you have locked the gates in, you must send up the keys to my mistress.

Cic. Quickly, for God's sake, Jenkin ; for I must carry them. I am neither pillow nor bolster, but I know more than both. 32

Jen. To bed, good Spigot ; to bed, good honest serving-creatures ; and let us sleep as snug as pigs in pease-straw ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV

Outside the House.

Enter Frankford and Nicholas.

Frank. Soft, soft ! We 've tied our geldings to a tree, Two flight-shot off, lest by their thundering hoofs They blab our coming back. Hear'st thou no noise ?

Nich. Hear? I hear nothing but the owl and you.

Frank. So; now my watch's hand points upon twelve,
And it is dead midnight. Where are my keys?

Nich. Here, sir.

Frank. This is the key that opes my outward gate;
This, the hall-door; this, the withdrawing-chamber;
But this, that door that's bawd unto my shame, 10
Fountain and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,
Where the most hallow'd order and true knot
Of nuptial sanctity hath been profan'd.
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
Once my terrestrial heaven, now my earth's hell,
The place where sins in all their ripeness dwell.—
But I forget myself; now to my gate!

Nich. It must ope with far less noise than Cripplegate,
or your plot's dash'd.

Frank. So; reach me my dark lantern to the rest! 20
Tread softly, softly!

Nich. I will walk on eggs this pace.

Frank. A general silence hath surprised the house,
And this is the last door. Astonishment,
Fear, and amazement, beat upon my heart,
Even as a madman beats upon a drum.

Oh, keep my eyes, you Heavens, before I enter,
From any sight that may transfix my soul;
Or, if there be so black a spectacle,
Oh, strike mine eyes stark blind; or if not so,
Lend me such patience to digest my grief,

30

That I may keep this white and virgin hand
 From any violent outrage, or red murder !—
 And with that prayer I enter.

[*Exeunt into the house.*

SCENE V

The Hall of the House.

Enter Nicholas.

Nich. Here's a circumstance !

A man may be made cuckold in the time
 That he's about it. An the case were mine,
 As 'tis my master's ('sblood ! that he makes me
 swear !),
 I would have placed his action, enter'd there ;
 I would, I would !

Enter Frankford.

Frank. Oh ! oh !

Nich. Master ! 'Sblood ! Master, master !

Frank. Oh me unhappy ! I have found them lying
 Close in each other's arms, and fast asleep.

But that I would not damn two precious souls, 10
 Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send them,
 laden

With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,

Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives)
Had met upon my rapier.

Nich. Master, what, have ye left them sleeping still?
Let me go wake 'em!

Frank. Stay, let me pause awhile!—
Oh, God! Oh, God! That it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday;
That Time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours! 20
Or that the sun
Could, rising from the west, draw his coach backward;
Take from th' account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons call'd again,
Those minutes, and those actions done in them,
Even from her first offence; that I might take her
As spotless as an angel in my arms!
But, oh! I talk of things impossible,
And cast beyond the moon. God give me patience;
For I will in, and wake them.

Nich. Here's patience perforce! 30
He needs must trot afoot that tires his horse. [Exit.]

Enter Wendoll, running over the stage in a night-gown,
Frankford after him with a sword drawn; a maid
in her smock stays his hand, and clasps hold on him.
He pauses for awhile.

Frank. I thank thee, maid; thou, like the angel's hand,
Hast stay'd me from a bloody sacrifice.—

Go, villain ; and my wrongs sit on thy soul
 As heavy as this grief doth upon mine !
 When thou record'st my many courtesies,
 And shalt compare them with thy treacherous
 heart,
 Lay them together, weigh them equally,—
 'Twill be revenge enough. Go, to thy friend
 A Judas ; pray, pray, lest I live to see 40
 Thee, Judas-like, hang'd on an elder-tree !

*Enter Mistress Frankford in her smock, night-gown,
 and night-attire.*

Mrs. F. Oh, by what word, what title, or what name,
 Shall I entreat your pardon ? Pardon ! Oh !
 I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
 As Lucifer from Heaven. To call you husband,—
 (Oh me, most wretched !) I have lost that name ;
 I am no more your wife.

Nich. 'Sblood, sir, she swoons.

Frank. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee ;
 And keep thy countenance, for I 'll blush for thee.
 Now, I protest, I think 'tis I am tainted, 50
 For I am most ashamed ; and 'tis more hard
 For me to look upon thy guilty face
 Than on the sun's clear brow. What ! Would'st
 thou speak ?

Mrs. F. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
 No apprehension, no capacity.

When do you spurn me like a dog? When tread
me

Under feet? When drag me by the hair?
Though I deserve a thousand, thousand-fold,
More than you can inflict—yet, once my husband,) 60
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament—even for His sake,
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword; but let me go
Perfect and undeformèd to my tomb!
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence;
Yet, as an abject, this one suit I crave;—
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Frank. My God, with patience arm me!—Rise, nay,
rise,

70

And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not sup-
plied

With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy,—
Nay, even beyond my calling?

Mrs. F. I was.

Frank. Was it, then, disability in me;
Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man?

Mrs. F. Oh, no!

Frank. Did I not lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee here in my heart?

Mrs. F.

You did.

Frank. I did, indeed ; witness my tears, I did !—

Go, bring my infants hither !—

Two Children are brought in.

Oh, Nan ! Oh, Nan !

If neither fear of shame, regard of honour, 81
 The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,
 Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact :
 Yet for these infants, these young, harmless souls,
 On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
 And grows in greatness as they wax in years,—
 Look but on them, and melt away in tears !—
 Away with them ; lest, as her spotted body
 Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
 So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits 90
 With her infectious thoughts ! Away with them !

[*Exeunt Children.*]*Mrs. F.* In this one life, I die ten thousand deaths.*Frank.* Stand up, stand up ! I will do nothing rashly.

I will retire awhile into my study,

And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. [*Exit.*]*Mrs. F.* 'Tis welcome, be it death. Oh me, base strum-
pet,That, having such a husband, such sweet children,
 Must enjoy neither ! Oh, to redeem mine honour,
 I'd have this hand cut off, these my breasts sear'd ;

Be rack'd, strappadoed, put to any torment : 100
 Nay, to wipe but this scandal out, I'd hazard
 The rich and dear redemption of my soul !
 He cannot be so base as to forgive me,
 Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon.
 Oh, women, women, you that yet have kept
 Your holy matrimonial vow unstain'd,
 Make me your instance ; when you tread awry,
 Your sins, like mine, will on your conscience lie.

*Enter Cicely, Spigot, all the Serving-men, and Jenkin,
 as newly come out of bed.*

All. Oh, mistress, mistress ! What have you done,
 mistress ?

Nick. 'Sblood, what a caterwauling keep you here ! 110

Jen. O Lord, mistress, how comes this to pass ? My
 master has run away in his shirt, and never so much
 as called me to bring his clothes after him.

Mrs. F. See what guilt is ! Here stand I in this place,
 Asham'd to look my servants in the face.

*Enter Frankford and Cranwell ; whom seeing, Mistress
 Frankford falls on her knees.*

Frank. My words are register'd in Heaven already.

With patience hear me ! I'll not martyr thee,
 Nor mark thee for a strumpet ; but with usage
 Of more humility torment thy soul,
 And kill thee even with kindness.

120

Cran. Master Frankford—

Frank. Good Master Cranwell!—Woman, hear thy judgment!

Go make thee ready in thy best attire ;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel ;
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman by.

Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber ;
Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor seven mile off, 132
Where live ;—'tis thine ; I freely give it thee.
My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains
To carry all thy stuff within two hours ;
No longer will I limit thee my sight.
Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Mrs. F. A mild sentence.

Frank. But, as thou hop'st for Heaven, as thou beliey'st

Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day
To see me, or to meet me ; or to send,
By word or writing, gift or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends ;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farewell, Nan ; for we will henceforth be
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.

Mrs. F. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears ;
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Frank. Come, take your coach, your stuff ; all must
along.

Servants and all make ready ; all begone ! 151
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I

Before Sir Francis Acton's House.

Enter Sir Charles Mountford, gentleman-like, and his Sister, gentlewoman-like.

Susan. Brother, why have you trick'd me like a bride,
Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?
Forget you our estate, our poverty?

Sir C. Call me not brother, but imagine me
Some barbarous outlaw, or uncivil kern;
For if thou shott'st thine eye, and only hear'st
The words that I shall utter, thou shalt judge me
Some staring ruffian, not thy brother Charles.

Oh, sister!—

Susan. Oh, brother! what doth this strange language
mean? 10

Sir C. Dost love me, sister? Wouldst thou see me live
A bankrupt beggar in the world's disgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?
Wouldst thou behold me stand like a huge beam

In the world's eye, a bye-word and a scorn ?
 It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
 And all my debt I may outstrip by thee.

Susan. By me ? Why, I have nothing, nothing left ;
 I owe even for the clothes upon my back ;
 I am not worth—

20

Sir C. O sister, say not so !

It lies in you my downcast state to raise ;
 To make me stand on even points with the world.
 Come, sister, you are rich ; indeed you are,
 And in your power you have, without delay
 Acton's five hundred pounds back to repay.

Susan. Till now I had thought you lov'd me. By my honour

(Which I have kept as spotless as the moon),
 I ne'er was mistress of that single doit
 Which I reserv'd not to supply your wants ;
 And do you think that I would hoard from you ? 30
 Now, by my hopes in Heaven, knew I the means
 To buy you from the slavery of your debts
 (Especially from Acton, whom I hate),
 I would redeem it with my life or blood !

Sir C. I challenge it, and, kindred set apart,
 Thus, ruffian-like, I lay siege to thy heart.
 What do I owe to Acton ?

Susan. Why, some five hundred pounds ; towards which,
 I swear,
 In all the world I have not one denier.

Sir C. It will not prove so. Sister, now resolve me : 40
 What do you think (and speak your conscience)
 Would Acton give, might he enjoy your bed?

Susan. He would not shrink to spend a thousand pound,
 To give the Mountfords' name so deep a wound.

Sir C. A thousand pound ! I but five hundred owe :
 Grant him your bed, he's paid with interest so.

Susan. Oh, brother !

Sir C. Oh, sister ! only this one way,
 With that rich jewel you my debts may pay.
 In speaking this my cold heart shakes with shame ;
 Nor do I woo you in a brother's name, 50
 But in a stranger's. Shall I die in debt
 To Acton, my grand foe, and you still wear
 The precious jewel that he holds so dear ?

Susan. My honour I esteem as dear and precious
 As my redemption.

Sir C. I esteem you, sister,
 As dear, for so dear prizing it.

Susan. Will Charles
 Have me cut off my hands, and send them Acton ?
 Rip up my breast, and with my bleeding heart
 Present him as a token ?

Sir C. Neither, sister ;
 But hear me in my strange assertion ! 60
 Thy honour and my soul are equal in my regard ;
 Nor will thy brother Charles survive thy shame.
 His kindness, like a burden, hath surcharg'd me,

And under his good deeds I stooping go,
 Not with an upright soul. Had I remain'd
 In prison still, there doubtless I had died.
 Then, unto him that freed me from that prison,
 Still do I owe this life. What mov'd my foe
 To enfranchise me? 'Twas, sister, for your love ;—
 With full five hundred pounds he bought your love ;—
 And shall he not enjoy it? Shall the weight 71
 Of all this heavy burden lean on me,
 And will not you bear part? You did partake
 The joy of my release ; will you not stand
 In joint-bond bound to satisfy the debt?
 Shall I be only charg'd?

Susan. But that I know
 These arguments come from an honour'd mind,
 As in your most extremity of need
 Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate,—
 Nay, rather would engage your unsustain'd honour,
 Than to be held ingrate,—I should condemn you. 81
 I see your resolution, and assent ;
 So Charles will have me, and I am content.

Sir C. For this I trick'd you up.

Susan. But here's a knife,
 To save mine honour, shall slice out my life.
Sir C. I know thou pleasest me a thousand times
 More in thy resolution than thy grant.—
 Observe her love ; to soothe it to my suit,
 Her honour she will hazard, though not lose ;

To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand 90
 Will pierce her heart,—O wonder!—that will choose,
 Rather than stain her blood, her life to lose.
 Come, you sad sister to a woful brother,
 This is the gate. I'll bear him such a present,
 Such an acquittance for the knight to seal,
 As will amaze his senses, and surprise
 With admiration all his fantasies.

Enter Sir Francis Acton and Malby.

Susan. Before his unchaste thoughts shall seize on me,
 'Tis here shall my imprison'd soul set free.

Sir F. How! Mountford with his sister, hand in hand!
 What miracle's afoot?

Mal. It is a sight 101
 Begets in me much admiration.

Sir C. Stand not amaz'd to see me thus attended!
 Acton, I owe thee money, and, being unable
 To bring thee the full sum in ready coin,
 Lo! for thy more assurance, here's a pawn,—
 My sister, my dear sister, whose chaste honour
 I prize above a million. Here! Nay, take her;
 She's worth your money, man; do not forsake her

Sir F. I would he were in earnest! 110

Susan. Impute it not to my immodesty.

My brother, being rich in nothing else
 But in his interest that he hath in me,
 According to his poverty hath brought you

Me, all his store ; whom, howsoe'er you prize,
 As forfeit to your hand, he values highly,
 And would not sell, but to acquit your debt,
 For any emperor's ransom.

Sir F. Stern heart, relent,

Thy former cruelty at length repent !

Was ever known, in any former age,

120

Such honourable, wrested courtesy ?

Lands, honours, life, and all the world forego,

Rather than stand engag'd to such a foe !

Sir C. Acton, she is too poor to be thy bride,

And I too much oppos'd to be thy brother.

There, take her to thee ; if thou hast the heart

To seize her as a rape, or lustful prey ;

To blur our house, that never yet was stain'd ;

To murder her that never meant thee harm ;

To kill me now, whom once thou sav'dst from
 death :—

Do them at once ; on her all these rely,

131

And perish with her spotless chastity.

Sir F. You overcome me in your love, Sir Charles.

I cannot be so cruel to a lady

I love so dearly. Since you have not spar'd

To engage your reputation to the world,

Your sister's honour, which you prize so dear,

Nay, all the comfort which you hold on earth,

To grow out of my debt, being your foe,—

Your honour'd thoughts, lo ! thus I recompense.

Your metamorphos'd foe receives your gift 141
 In satisfaction of all former wrongs.
 This jewel I will wear here in my heart ;
 And where before I thought her, for her wants,
 Too base to be my bride, to end all strife,
 I seal you my dear brother, her my wife.

Susan. You still exceed us. I will yield to fate,
 And learn to love, where I till now did hate.

Sir C. With that enchantment you have charm'd my soul
 And made me rich even in those very words ! 150
 I pay no debt, but am indebted more ;
 Rich in your love, I never can be poor.

Sir F. All's mine is yours ; we are alike in state ;
 Let's knit in love what was oppos'd in hate !
 Come, for our nuptials we will straight provide,
 Blest only in our brother and fair bride. [Exeunt.

SCENE II

Frankford's House.

Enter Cranwell, Frankford, and Nicholas.

Cran. Why do you search each room about your house,
 Now that you have despatch'd your wife away ?

Frank. Oh, sir ! To see that nothing may be left
 That ever was my wife's. I lov'd her dearly ;
 And when I do but think of her unkindness,

My thoughts are all in hell ; to avoid which torment,
 I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,
 A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wire,
 Nor any thing that ever was call'd hers,
 Left me, by which I might remember her.— 10
 Seek round about.

Nich. 'Sblood ! master, here's her lute flung in a corner.

Frank. Her lute ! Oh, God ! Upon this instrument
 Her fingers have rung quick division,
 Sweeter than that which now divides our hearts.
 These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
 Frets of my heart-strings made. Oh, Master Cran-
 well,

Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
 (Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
 Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain 20
 To her own ravishing voice ; which being well
 strung,

What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung !—
 Post with it after her !—Now nothing's left ;
 Of her and hers I am at once bereft.

Nich. I'll ride and overtake her ; do my message,
 And come back again. [Exit.]

Cran. Meantime, sir, if you please,
 I'll to Sir Francis Acton, and inform him
 Of what hath pass'd betwixt you and his sister.

Frank. Do as you please.—How ill am I bested,
 To be a widower ere my wife be dead ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III

Road near Mistress Frankford's Manor.

Enter Mistress Frankford; with Jenkin, her maid Cicely, her Coachmen, and three Carters.

Mrs. F. Bid my coach stay! Why should I ride in state,
Being hurl'd so low down by the hand of fate?
A seat like to my fortunes let me have,—
Earth for my chair, and for my bed a grave!

Jen. Comfort, good mistress; you have watered your
coach with tears already. You have but two miles
now to go to your manor. A man cannot say by
my old master Frankford as he may say by me,
that he wants manors; for he hath three or four, of
which this is one that we are going to now. 10

Cic. Good mistress, be of good cheer! Sorrow, you
see, hurts you, but helps you not; we all mourn to
see you so sad.

Carter. Mistress, I spy one of my landlord's men
Come riding post: 'tis like he brings some news.

Mrs. F. Comes he from Master Frankford; he is
welcome;
So is his news, because they come from him.

Enter Nicholas.

Nich. There!

Mrs. F. I know the lute. Oft have I sung to thee;
We both are out of tune, both out of time. 20

Nich. Would that had been the worst instrument that e'er you played on ! My master commends him to ye ; there's all he can find was ever yours ; he hath nothing left that ever you could lay claim to but his own heart,—and he could afford you that ! All that I have to deliver you is this : he prays you to forget him ; and so he bids you farewell.

Mrs. F. I thank him ; he is kind, and ever was.

All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts, 30
Gird me about, and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted sins ! My lute shall groan ;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.

[*She plays.*

Enter Wendoll behind.

Wen. Pursu'd with horror of a guilty soul,
And with the sharp scourge of repentance lash'd,
I fly from mine own shadow. O my stars !
What have my parents in their lives deserv'd,
That you should lay this penance on their son ?
When I but think of Master Frankford's love,
And lay it to my treason, or compare 40
My murdering him for his relieving me,
It strikes a terror like a lightning's flash,
To scorch my blood up. Thus I, like the owl,
Asham'd of day, live in these shadowy woods,
Afraid of every leaf or murmur'ring blast,

Yet longing to receive some perfect knowledge
 How he hath dealt with her. [*Seeing Mistress Frankford.*] O my sad fate !
 Here, and so far from home, and thus attended !
 Oh, God ! I have divorc'd the truest turtles
 That ever liv'd together, and, being divided, 50
 In several places make their several moan ;
 She in the fields laments, and he at home.
 So poets write that Orpheus made the trees
 And stones to dance to his melodious harp,
 Meaning the rustic and the barbarous hinds,
 That had no understanding part in them ;
 So she from these rude carters tears extracts,
 Making their flinty hearts with grief to rise,
 And draw down rivers from their rocky eyes.

Mrs. F. [To Nicholas.] If you return unto my master,
say

6c

(Though not from me, for I am all unworthy
 To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue)
 That you have seen me weep, wish myself dead !
 Nay, you may say, too (for my vow is past),
 Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.
 This to your master you may say and swear ;
 For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.

Nich. I 'll say you wept ; I 'll swear you made me sad.
 Why, how now, eyes ? What now ? What 's here
 to do ?
 I 'm gone, or I shall straight turn baby too.

70

Wen. I cannot weep, my heart is all on fire.

Curs'd be the fruits of my unchaste desire !

Mrs. F. Go, break this lute upon my coach's wheel,
As the last music that I e'er shall make,—
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell
To all earth's joy ; and so your master tell !

Nich. If I can for crying.

Wen. Grief, have done,
Or, like a madman, I shall frantic run.

Mrs. F. You have beheld the wofull'st wretch on earth,—
A woman made of tears ; would you had words 80
To express but what you see ! My inward grief
No tongue can utter ; yet unto your power
You may describe my sorrow, and disclose
To thy sad master my abundant woes.

Nich. I'll do your commendations.

Mrs. F. Oh, no !
I dare not so presume ; nor to my children !
I am disclaim'd in both ; alas ! I am.
Oh, never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother : chide their tongue,
If they by chance light on that hated word ; 90
Tell them 'tis naught ; for when that word they
name,

Poor, pretty souls ! they harp on their own shame.

Wen. To recompense their wrongs, what canst thou do ?
Thou hast made her husbandless, and childless
too.

Mrs. F. I have no more to say.—Speak not for me ;
Yet you may tell your master what you see.

Nich. I'll do 't.

[*Exit.*]

Wen. I 'll speak to her, and comfort her in grief.

Oh, but her wound cannot be cur'd with words !

No matter, though ; I'll do my best good will 100
To work a cure on her whom I did kill.

Mrs. F. So, now unto my coach, then to my home,

So to my death-bed ; for from this sad hour,

I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste

Of any cates that may preserve my life.

I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest;

But when my tears have wash'd my black soul
white,

Sweet Saviour, to thy hands I yield my sprite.

Wen. [coming forward.] Oh, Mistress Frankford !

Mrs. F. Oh, for God's sake, fly !

The devil doth come to tempt me, ere I die.

My coach!—This sin, that with an angel's face

Conjur'd mine honour, till he sought my wrack,

In my repentant eye seems ugly, black.

[*Exeunt all except Wendoll and Jenkin; the Carters whistling.*

Jen. What, my young master, that fled in his shirt!
How come you by your clothes again? You have
made our house in a sweet pickle, ha' ye not, think
you? What, shall I serve you still, or cleave to the
house?

Wen. Hence, slave ! Away, with thy unseason'd mirth !

Unless thou canst shed tears, and sigh, and howl,
Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaim on fate, 121
Thou art not for my turn.

Jen. Marry, an you will not, another will ; farewell, and
be hang'd ! Would you had never come to have
kept this coil within our doors ! We shall ha' you
run away like a sprite again. [Exit.]

Wen. She's gone to death ; I live to want and woe,
Her life, her sins, and all upon my head.
And I must now go wander, like a Cain,
In foreign countries and remoted climes, 130

Where the report of my ingratitude
Cannot be heard. I 'll over first to France,
And so to Germany and Italy ;
Where, when I have recover'd, and by travel
Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these
rumours

May in their height abate, I will return :
And I divine (however now dejected),
My worth and parts being by some great man
prais'd,
At my return I may in court be rais'd. [Exit.]

SCENE IV

Before the Manor-house.

*Enter Sir Francis Acton, Sir Charles Mountford,
Cranwell, Malby, and Susan.*

Sir F. Brother, and now my wife, I think these troubles
 Fall on my head by justice of the heavens,
 For being so strict to you in your extremities ;
 But we are now aton'd. I would my sister
 Could with like happiness o'ercome her griefs
 As we have ours.

Susan. You tell us, Mr. Cranwell, wondrous things
 Touching the patience of that gentleman,
 With what strange virtue he demeans his grief.

Cran. I told you what I was a witness of; 10
 It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

Sir F. Oh, that same villain, Wendoll ! 'Twas his
 tongue

That did corrupt her ; she was of herself
 Chaste, and devoted well.—Is this the house ?

Cran. Yes, sir ; I take it, here your sister lies.

Sir F. My brother Frankford show'd too mild a spirit
 In the revenge of such a loathèd crime.
 Less than he did, no man of spirit could do.
 I am so far from blaming his revenge,

That I commend it. Had it been my case, 2c
Their souls at once had from their breasts been
freed ;
Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

Enter Jenkin and Cicely.

Jen. Oh, my mistress, mistress ! my poor mistress !

Cicely. Alas ! that ever I was born ; what shall I do for
my poor mistress ?

Sir C. Why, what of her ?

Jen. Oh, Lord, sir ! she no sooner heard that her brother
and her friends were come to see how she did, but
she, for very shame of her guilty conscience, fell
into such a swoon, that we had much ado to get
life in her. 31

Susan. Alas, that she should bear so hard a fate !

Pity it is repentance comes too late.

Sir F. Is she so weak in body ?

Jen. Oh, sir ! I can assure you there's no hope of life
in her ; for she will take no sustenance : she hath
plainly starv'd herself, and now she's as lean as a
lath. She ever looks for the good hour. Many
gentlemen and gentlewomen of the country are
come to comfort her. 40

SCENE V

In the Manor-house. Mistress Frankford in her bed.

*Enter Sir Charles Mountford, Sir Francis Acton,
Malby, Cranwell, and Susan.*

Mal. How fare you, Mistress Frankford?

Mrs. F. Sick, sick, oh, sick ! Give me some air. I pray
you !

Tell me, oh, tell me, where is Master Frankford ?
Will not he deign to see me ere I die ?

Mal. Yes, Mistress Frankford ; divers gentlemen,
Your loving neighbours, with that just request
Have mov'd, and told him of your weak estate :
Who, though with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him, ere you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us,
And sure he will be here immediately.

10

Mrs. F. You have half reviv'd me with the pleasing
news.

Raise me a little higher in my bed.—

Blush I not, brother Acton ? Blush I not, Sir
Charles ?

Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?

Is not my crime there? Tell me, gentlemen.

Sir C. Alas, good mistress, sickness hath not left you

Blood in your face enough to make you blush. 21

Mrs. F. Then, sickness, like a friend, my fault would
hide.—

Is my husband come? My soul but tarries his
arrive;

Then I am fit for heaven.

Sir F. I came to chide you, but my words of hate

Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.

I came to rate you, but my brawls, you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.—

Here's Master Frankford now.

Enter Frankford.

Frank. Good morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen!

God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads, 31

Might (had He pleas'd) have made our cause of
meeting

On a more fair and more contented ground;

But He that made us, made us to this woe.

Mrs. F. And is he come? Methinks, that voice I know.

Frank. How do you, woman?

Mrs. F. Well, Master Frankford, well; but shall be
better,

I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe,

Out of your grace and your humanity, 40
 To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

Frank. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
 Than now 'tis gripp'd by me. God pardon them
 That made us first break hold!

Mrs. F. Amen, amen!

Out of my zeal to Heaven, whither I'm now bound,
 I was so impudent to wish you here;
 And once more beg your pardon. O, good man,
 And father to my children, pardon me.

Pardon, oh, pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
 That if you in this world forgive it not, 50
 Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
 Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees,
 That kneel I cannot; but in my heart's knees
 My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet,
 To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, oh, pardon
 me!

Frank. As freely, from the low depth of my soul,
 As my Redeemer hath forgiven His death,
 I pardon thee. I will shed tears for thee;
 Pray with thee; and, in mere pity of thy weak
 estate,
 I'll wish to die with thee.

All. So do we all.

Nich. So will not I; 60
 I'll sigh and sob, but, by my faith, not die.

Sir F. Oh, Master Frankford, all the near alliance

I lose by her, shall be supplied in thee.

You are my brother by the nearest way ;

Her kindred hath fall'n off, but yours doth stay.

Frank. Even as I hope for pardon, at that day

When the Great Judge of heaven in scarlet sits,

So be thou pardon'd ! Though thy rash offence

Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears

Unite our souls.

Sir C. Then comfort, Mistress Frankford !

You see your husband hath forgiven your fall ; 71

Then, rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul !

Susan. How is it with you ?

Sir F. How d' ye feel yourself ?

Mrs. F. Not of this world.

Frank. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.

My wife, the mother to my pretty babes !

Both those lost names I do restore thee back,

And with this kiss I wed thee once again.

Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,

And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest, 80

Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.

Mrs. F. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free ;

Once more thy wife dies thus embracing thee. [Dies.

Frank. New-married, and new-widow'd.—Oh ! she's dead,

And a cold grave must be her nuptial bed.

Sir C. Sir, be of good comfort, and your heavy sorrow
Part equally amongst us ; storms divided
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided.

Cran. Do, Master Frankford ; he that hath least part,
Will find enough to drown one troubled heart. 90

Sir F. Peace with thee, Nan !—Brothers and gentle-
men,

All we that can plead interest in her grief,
Bestow upon her body funeral tears !

Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punish'd her sin, the grief of her offence
Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her heart.

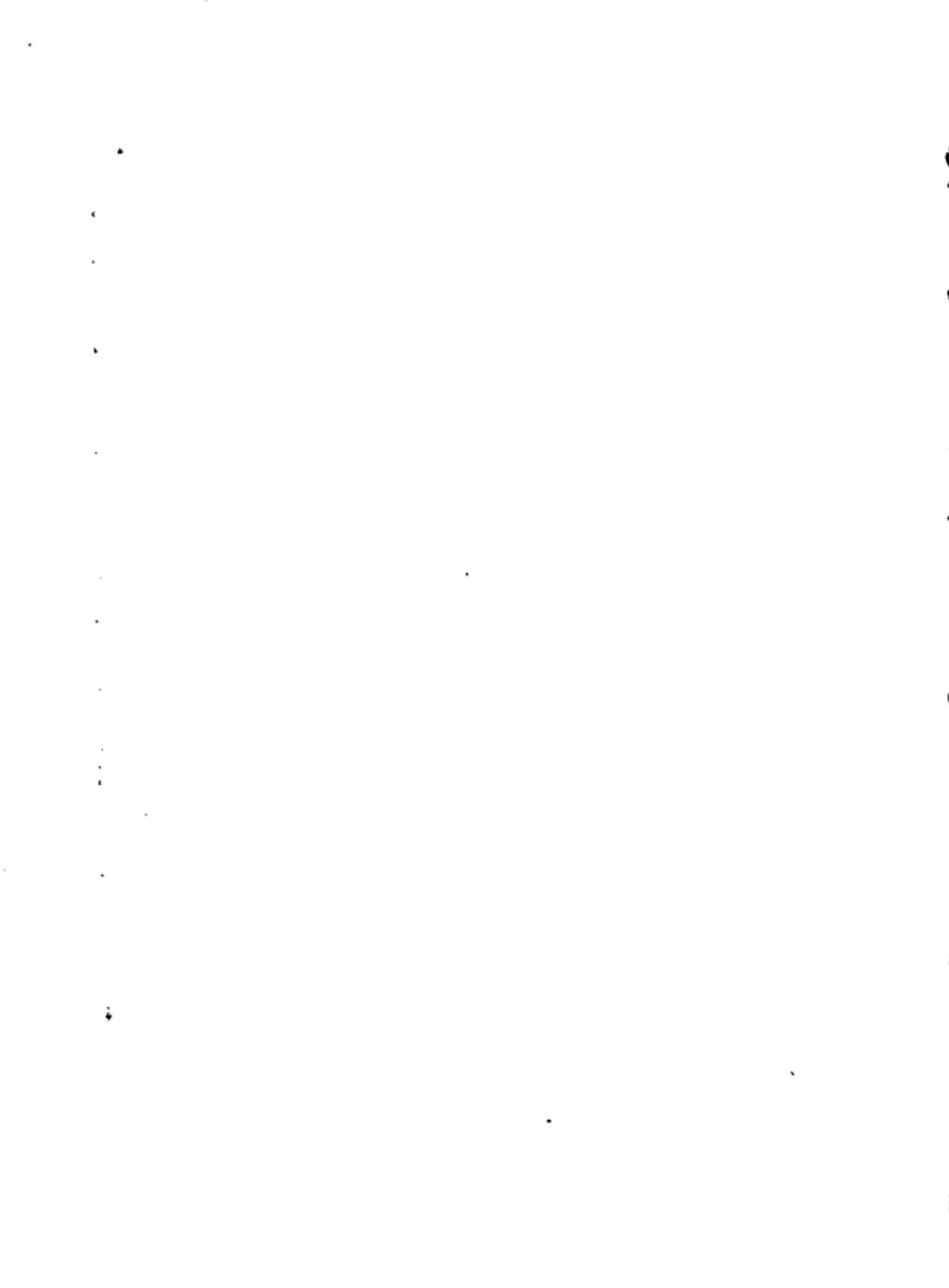
Frank. I see it had not ; therefore, on her grave
Will I bestow this funeral epitaph,
Which on her marble tomb shall be engrav'd.
In golden letters shall these words be fill'd : 100
Here lies she whom her husband's kindness kill'd.

EPILOGUE

AN honest crew, disposèd to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine.
The drawer brought it, smiling like a cherry,
And told them it was pleasant, neat and fine.
'Taste it,' quoth one. He did so. 'Fie !' (quoth he).
'This wine was good ; now't runs too near the lee.'

Another sipp'd, to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest, it drank too flat ;
The third said, it was old ; the fourth, too new ;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not.
Thus, gentlemen, you see how, in one hour, II
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.

Unto this wine we do allude our play,
Which some will judge too trivial, some too grave :
You as our guests we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse us, then; good wine may be disgraced,
When every several mouth hath sundry taste.



GLOSSARY

A few Notes of a not strictly glossarial kind have been included in this.

ABJECT, outcast ; iv. v. 68.

ABOUNDS, overflows ; i. iii. 109.

ACQUIT, acquitted ; ii. ii. 2.

ALLIANCE, relationship ; ii. iii. 33.

ALLUDE, compare ; *Epilogue*, 3.

ANGELS (i. i. 96). Gold coins said to have been valued at 6s. 8d. in the reign of Henry VI., and at 10s. in the reign of Elizabeth.

APPLAUSIVE, joyful ; iv. i. 39.

APPOINTED, equipped, armed ; iv. ii. 67.

APPREHEND, conceive, entertain ; ii. iii. 1.

ARRIVE, arrival ; v. v. 23.

ATON'D, reconciled, at one ; v. iv. 4.

ATTACH, arrest ; i. iii. 95. So in Jasper Fisher's *Fuimus Troes: The True Trojans* (pr. 1632); iii. 7:

‘Belinus,
Attach the murderer!’

BALANCE WITH INDIFFERENCE, weigh with impartiality ; iv. i. 101. Cf. Nashe's *Summers' Last Will and Testament*:

‘How to weigh all estates in-
differently.’

BANDING SIDES, collecting their supporters and making a faction fight of it ; ii. i. 48. Cf. Part i. of *Henry VI.* ; iii. i. :

‘The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,

•
• . . banding themselves in contrary parts.’

BAULK, avoid ; iii. ii. 117.

BEAD-ROLL ; iii. i. 37. Here simply in the sense of a list, as in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Bk. iv. c. i. st. xxxii. :

‘Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,

On Fame's eternal bead-roll
worthie to be fyled.’

Properly speaking, a list of persons to be prayed for kept by a priest.

BILLETS, small logs ; iii. ii. 11.

BLAB, tell-tale ; ii. iii. 166. John Heywood cites the proverb, ‘Blab it wist and out it muste.’

BOOT, advantage, use ; ii. i. 101.

BOOTED, covered, splashed ; ii. i. 19.

BOSOM, intimacy ; iv. ii. 100. Cf. *King Lear*, v. i. :

‘I am doubtful that you have
been conjunct
And bosom'd with her.’

BRAWLS, loud reproaches ; v. v. 27.

BRIDE-LACES (i. i. 83). Streamers used at weddings to bind up the rosemary sprigs carried in their

hands by the attendants on the bridal couple, and afterwards placed as wedding-favours in hat or hair.

BRING (I. iii. 65). To 'bring' a person on his way is to accompany him for part of it. This is still a common expression in German.

BY, near by ; IV. v. 134.

CALLING, social rank or position ; IV. v. 74.

CARPET, table-cover ; III. ii. (Cf. 119.)

CAST BEYOND THE MOON (IV. iii. 29).

See *The Proverbs of John Heywood*, Part i. Ch. 5; (Julian Sharman's edition, p. 18) :

' Feare may force a man to cast
beyond the moon.'

CENSUR'D ON, judged, sentenced ; II. i. 61.

CIRCUMSTANCE, delay ; IV. v. 1.

CLAP HANDS, shake hands ; I. ii. 106.

CLEANLY, entirely, altogether ; I. ii.

51. Cf. *The Faerie Queene*, Bk. V. c. 10, st. xxv.:

' Her strong foe, who had defacèd
cleene

Her stately towres and buildings
sunny sheene.'

COIL, confusion ; V. iii. 125. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, II. v. :

' Here's such a coil !'

COMMENDS, commendations, greetings ; II. iii. 74.

COMMENDATIONS, commands ; V. iii. 85.

COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS (I. ii. 20).

This proverb occurs in the old play of *Lust's Dominion*, or *The lascivious Queen* (III. v.), erroneously attributed to Marlowe, but probably written a few years after his

death ; cf. the description of Biron in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. ii. :

' A man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding
flouts.'

CONJURE, charm, overpower ; V. iii. 112.

CONSORT, concert, harmony ; I. i. 70.

CONTRACTIONS, contracts, legal transactions ; III. i. 111.

CRAASH, frolic ; I. ii. 6.

CROSS (II. iii. 30, and III. iii. 3).

Money stamped on the reverse with the figure of a cross. Hence the term 'cross and pile' (heads and tails).

DANGER OF THE LAW, penalty of the law ; I. iii. 72. ' To be in a man's danger ' signifies to be liable to a penalty to be inflicted by him or at his suit. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. :

' You stand within his danger,
do you not ?'

DEMEANS, bears ; V. iv. 9.

DENIER, penny ; V. i. 30.

DEVOTED WELL, dutiful ; V. iv. 14.

DISEASE, put to inconvenience ; IV. ii. 79.

DIVISION, variations, modulation ; V. ii. 13. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, III. v., where there is the same play on the word :

' Some say the ~~leek~~ makes sweet ~~as~~
division ;

 This doth not so, for she divideth
 us.'

DOIT, the smallest coin ; V. i. 28.

DRUDGES TOO MUCH, too base in their conduct ; IV. i. 71.

EMPLOVMENT, effort, exertions ; IV. i. 108.

EXTREMELY, with extreme rigour ; III. i. 32.

EXTREMES, acts of extreme rigour ; III. iii. 6.

FAIL. 'For fail' = to prevent failure, to prevent any mistake ; II. ii. 33.

FILL'D, cut and filled in; v. v. 100.

FLIGHT-SHOTS, bow-shots ; IV. v. 2.

FRETS (i. i. 81, and v. ii. 15-16).

The points at which the strings of a lute or guitar are stopped. Cf. *The Taming of the Shrew*, II. i. :

'I did not tell her she mistook
her frets . . .'

when

"Frets call you these?" quoth
she, "I'll fume with them";

and *Hamlet*, III. ii. :

'Though you can fret me, yet
you cannot play upon me.'

GRACE. 'Took the grace' = attained to the dignity ; I. i. 45.

GRAMMERCIES, great thanks ; I. i. 42.

Gvv'D, fettered ; IV. i. 3.

HILTS (II. i. 92). The oath 'by these hilts' is intended as absurd in the mouth of a serving-man. Cf. Falstaff in *Henry IV.*, First Part, II. iv. : 'Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.'

HOIGH. 'On the hoigh' = on the shout, clamorously, riotously ; I. i. 85.

HOUGH, cut: to 'hough' is to hamstring ; III. iii. 175. Cf. the interjection 'hough me' in *Lust's Dominion*, IV. v.

HUSBAND. To 'play the husband' is to be frugal ; III. ii. 32.

JUSTICE, evidence ; III. ii. 83.

KERN, Irish soldier ; v. i. 5. Cf. *Macbeth*, I. ii. :

'The merciless Macdonald . . .
. . . from the Western Isles
Of kerns and gallow-glasses is supplied.'

LEFT, ceased ; IV. i. 12.

LEESE, lose ; IV. i. 97. Cf. *The Spanish Tragedy*, ii. :

'To lease thy life ere it was new
begun.'

LIMIT, allow ; IV. v. 136.

MAKE-BATE, maker of quarrels, opp. make-peace ; III. ii. 39.

MASK ; III. i. 40. The mask formed a regular part of a lady's attire.

Cf. among other passages *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iv. :

'But since she did neglect her
looking-glass

And threw her sun-expecting
mask away,' etc.

MICHING, sneaking, skulking ; II. iii. 179. Hence in *Hamlet*, III. ii. :

'Marry, this is miching mallecho;
it means mischief.' And cf. Falstaff in *Henry IV.*, Part I. II. iv. :

'Shall the blessed sun of heaven
prove a micher, and eat black-
berries?'

NEAT, pure (of wine); *Epilogue*, 4.

NIGHT-GOWN, loose gown, dressing-

gown ; III. ii. 201.

OPPOSITE, adversary ; IV. i. 98.

PASSION, compassion ; II. iii. 141.

PERFORCE, at any rate ; IV. v. 30.

Nicholas appears to mean: 'My master prays for patience; and at any rate he will have to exercise it. Whoever desires impossibilities must wait till he can get them.'

GLOSSARY

PLACED HIS ACTION, established his case; IV. v. 5.

POSSIBILITY, resources; II. i. 61.

PROFICIENT; II. i. 9. To 'be a good proficient' is to make good progress, to do well. Thus Falstaff, in *Henry IV.*, Part i., II. iv., describes himself as so 'good a proficient' in drinking 'in a quarter of an hour,' that, etc.

PROPER, handsome; IV. ii. 76.

PURCHASE, obtain, add; II. iii. 96.

QUALITY, accomplishments; II. i. 68.

RANK, abundantly; I. iii. 85.

REBATO WIRE; V. ii. 8. Wire used to support the ruff (rebato or rabato from French *rabat*) worn by ladies, called in French *porte-rabat*.

REFORM'D, transformed; II. ii. 9.

REMEMBER, remind; IV. i. 75.

REMOTED, remote, distant; V. iii. 130.

ROYSTING; III. iii. 33. 'To roist' is to riot, and the term is used in this sense already in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, where 'roister' is also used in the sense of a rioter. Cf. *Ralph Roister Doister*, the swaggering hero of the earliest English comedy. In Part ii. of *The Returne from Pernassus* the phrase is introduced into a description of the style of Marston.

SEEN, skilled, versed; II. i. 28.

SET FREE, set forth freed; V. i. 99.

STIGMATIC, branded, ignominious; II. iii. 87. In *Henry VI.*, Part ii., V. i., Young Clifford calls Richard Plantagenet a 'foul stigmatic,' in-

A Woman Killed

tending a direct opprobrium; the word is also used in the senses of scarred, hideous.

STILL, ever; I. iii. 88. So *still-warring*=never ceasing from contention; III. i. 111.

STOMACHS, appetites; III. ii. 16.

STRAPPADOED, put in the strappado, a species of rack; IV. v. 100. Cf. Falstaff in *Henry IV.*, Part i., I. iv.

STUFF, household gear; IV. v. 135.

SUIT OF PARDON (II. ii. 6). It was quite in accordance with the practice of the times for Sir Charles Mountford to spend his substance in obtaining a pardon through some person of influence at Court.

SWAGGER, bluster, bully; I. iii. 33.

TABLE, note-book; II. iii. 128. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. v. :

'My tables—meet it is I set it down.'

TAKES DOWN, sets down, reduces to submission; I. i. 48. Cf. Petruccio's speech in *The Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i., which contains the burlesque sentiment:

'This is the way to kill a wife with kindness.'

TENDER'D DOWN, paid on the spot; II. ii. 57.

TRINCLE-TAILS, curly-tails; I. ii. 29. Cf. *King Lear*, III. vi. :

'Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bob-tail tike or trundle-tail.'

TROJAN (IV. ii. 50). In the still popular sense of a careless 'good' sort of fellow.

UNABLE, feeble; II. ii. 56.

UNTO YOUR POWER, so far as you are able ; v. iii. 82.	WHETHER, which of the two ; III. i. 107.
VOIDER, tray or basket for removing dishes, etc. ; III. ii.	WRACK, ruin ; v. iii. 112.
WAİN, waggon ; IV. v. 134.	YEARNS, grieves ; II. i. 86. Cf <i>Henry V.</i> , IV. iii. : ‘It yearns me not if men my garments wear.’
WELL-HATCHED, naturally noble ; III. ii. 108.	



NOTES

ACT I. SCENE ii. (*Old dance-tunes*).

MOST of the tunes mentioned in this Scene are printed, together with their words, in Chappell's *Collection of National English Airs*, etc. (1870). Here will likewise be found *The Shaking of the Sheets* (see Act I. Sc. i. l. 2), or, *The Dance of Death*, frequently mentioned by writers of the sixteenth century, both as a country-dance and as a ballad tune. The ballad called *The Dolefull Dance and Song of Death*, cited by Chappell from a black-letter copy, begins thus:—

‘Can you dance the shaking of the sheets,
A dance that every one must do;

.
And see how ye can bestir your feet,
For Death is a man that all must meet.’

I. ii. 33. *Rogero*. This dance-tune, which is distinct from Roger of Coverley (Cowley), whence Addison took the name of Sir Roger de Coverley, is mentioned with others in Gosson's *School of Abuse* (1579), and in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden* (1596).

I. ii. 34. *The Beginning of the World*: another name for *Sellinger's Round* (see below).

I. ii. 36. *John come kiss me now*. This favourite old dance-tune is found in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, and continued to be

very popular through the seventeenth century. It is mentioned in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621), and parodied in the *Compendium of Godly Songs*, published by the Edinburgh book-seller, Andro Hart (d. 1621).

I. ii. 37. *The Cushion-dance.* *John Sanderson, or The Cushion Dance*, was an old round dance, the figure of which, including a good deal of play with the cushion and kissing in the ring, is described in *The Dancing Master* (1686). The dialogue accompanying it is said to be parodied in the *Poems on Affairs of State*, but I have not discovered it in the 1697 edition of that repulsive collection.

I. ii. 38. *Tom Tyler*: 'Tom Tiler' is one of the tunes demanded of Rosin, 'Chief Minstrel of Highgate,' and his two boys, by Clench of Hampstead, 'for our John Clay's sake and the tile-kilns,' in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub* (1633), Act i. Sc. ii.

I. ii. 41. *The Hunting of the Fox.* There is no notice in Chappell of this song or tune; the *motif*, however, is not unfamiliar.

I. ii. 42. *The Hay*: see Chapman, *Bussy d'Ambois*, Act i. Sc. i. :—

‘The King and Subject, Lord and euerie Slaue,
Dance a continuall Haie.’

Nares (Halliwell and Wright's edition, 1867) further cites from Sir John Davies' *Orchestra* (1596) :—

‘He taught them rounds and winding heys to tread.’

The etymology of the word remains obscure; perhaps it was an abbreviation of *haydigyes* (spelt differently by Spenser and Drayton; query *hey-day-guise*). See Nares, s.v.

I. ii. 50. *Put on your Smock a' Monday*: I have not been able to identify this tune or ditty.

I. ii. 54. *Sellenger's Round.* *Sellenger's* or *Sellinger's Round*,

otherwise called *The Beginning of the World* (cf. *ante*), is appropriately stated to have been one of the most ancient English country-dance tunes. Its more usual designation is supposed to have been derived from the name of Sir Anthony St. Leger, who, after helping to bring about Wolsey's downfall in 1540, was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland by Henry VIII. *Sellinger's Round* purported to have been the first tune the planets played,—hence its second title. In Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure* (licensed 1635), Lady Bornwell, one of that dramatist's Lady Teazles, declares herself disgusted to hear a country fellow

'Make himself merry and his house, with whistling
Sellinger's Round.'

(Act I. Sc. i.) There are several other allusions to this popular tune in our old dramatists.

ACT I. SCENE iii. (*Hawking*).

This celebrated Scene is full of obscurities, tending to show that Thomas Heywood's learning on the subject was (like, I am free to confess, that of some of his commentators) second-hand. To begin with, in the previous Scene, l. 109, Sir Francis Acton appoints the early morning for the match, although the evening is declared to be the right time for hawking. The best authorities on this sport are stated to be Salvin and Brodrick's *Falconry in the British Isles*, and 'Peregrine's' *Practical Falconry*. A *Treatise on Falconry* by Mr. J. Cockburn Belany was printed for the author at Berwick in 1841. King James I. is said to have put forth some notes on the subject, to which there are abundant references in Shakspere (see especially *Henry VI.*, Part ii., Act II. Sc. i.). I have gleaned some information from *The Sportsman's Dictionary* (1778), where there are several columns explaining 'Terms in Hawking,' etc.; but more from J. H. Walsh

('Stonehenge')'s *British Rural Sports* (16th edition, 1886), and Sir John Sebright's description, there cited, of the flying of herons, as formerly practised in Norfolk:—see also the pleasant essay on 'Modern Falconry' in *A New Book of Sports*, reprinted from *The Saturday Review* (1885).

I. iii. 1. *Well cast off!* When the heron is seen to pass, a 'cast, or couple, of hawks is let go; at times the hawk is quietly started, and allowed to mount slowly, before the game is sprung.

I. iii. 2. *At the souse.* This expression (doubtless from the French *sous*) seems to be equivalent to the *stoop*, or descent of the hawk, after he has risen in the air above the heron or other game. He ought, says the author of *Modern Falconry*, to come down upon it 'with the speed of a thunder-bolt.'

I. iii. 8. *Plume her.* Pluck the prey, or dismantle it of its feathers.

I. iii. 9. *Rebeck her not.* Do not beckon or call her back. The falconer, says Sir John Sebright, 'must loose no time in getting hold of the heron's neck, when he is on the ground, to prevent him from injuring the hawks; it is then, and not when he is in the air, that he will use his beak in his defence.'

I. iii. 10. *Her gets, her jesses, and her bells.* I cannot explain the term 'gets,' but feel sure that Mr. Verity is wrong in explaining it (by a too facile etymology) to mean 'her booty.' The 'jesses' were short straps fastened to the hawk's legs, and so to the leash (the leather thong by which the hawk was held fast on the fist) by the verval (little silver rings at the end of the jesses). The 'bells,' or rather a bell, was fastened to one of the trained hawk's legs for the purpose of finding her when she was at large.

I. iii. 12-13. *At the querre, not at the mount.* The authorities fail to explain the expression 'the querre,' which cannot be equivalent to 'the quarry,' the ordinary term for the prey flown. Mr. Verity ingeniously suggests that the word may be connected with the

German *quer* (oblique, transverse). If so—but I must again doubt the etymology—the meaning might be that Acton's hawk killed a crow or pie flying across her path, while Mountford's made for her proper game, a heron rising up directly beneath her, and that the latter performance was in the true style of the sport.

I. iii. 14. *At the ferre.* This again seems to be a technical term, though 'ferre' is an old form of 'further'; so that 'at the ferre' might mean at 'the further' or higher 'point.'

I. iii. 15. *Our merlin.* The merlin is the smallest and the most docile of English hawks (*falco aësalon*).

I. iii. 16. *Renew'd her from the river.* Attacked her afresh, driving her from the river.

I. iii. 20. *Spoil the mounting.* Prevent her from rising in a 'good flight,' with the approved spiral movement.

I. iii. 23. *her petty singles.* These were the hawk's toes. I do not know precisely what were her 'long singles' and her 'terrials.'

I. iii. 24. *more than other.* More than another—or the other—hawk contrived to do.

I. iii. 28. *a riffer.* A bungler; apparently with allusion to the hawking phrase 'to ruff,' i.e. 'to hit the prey and not to truss it' (take it up aloft and bring it down to the ground).

I. iii. 31. *perch.* The place in which a hawk is set to rest.

ACT III. SCENE ii. (*Games at Cards*).

The allusions to games at cards, and to the technical terms incidental to them in this Scene, have been partially explained by Collier, with the aid of S. W. Singer's *Researches into the History of Playing Cards*, etc. (1816). I have found some further illustrations both in this work and in Mr. E. S. Taylor's *History of Playing Cards* (1865). Notices of games at cards, and of terms used in them, are scattered through *The Returne from Pernassus* and other Elizabethan dramatic or miscellaneous productions.

III. ii. 119. *a pair of cards*: a pack of cards.

III. ii. 226. *take my part*: be my partner.

III. ii. 133. *take them up*: play against them.

III. ii. 139. *forfeit the set*: lose the game.

III. ii. 142. *Noddy*. This game, mentioned by Sir John Harington in one of his *Epigrams* (1615), is supposed to have been a childish pastime, possibly akin to the more recent *Beat the Knave out of Doors* (cf. l. 150); it is mentioned by Strutt under the name of *Seize-Nody* in company with *Maw*, *Jick Jack*, and *Ruffe*.

III. ii. 144. *Double-ruff*. The game of *Ruff* or *Trump* seems to have been derived from the Italian and Spanish *Trionfo* or *Triumfo* (*Triumphus Hispanicus*), and the French *Triomphe*. The English game of '*Ruff and Honours*', by some called *Slamm* and *Whist*', is described at length by Charles Cotton in *The Complete Gamester* (1680), and appears to have differed in some respects from *French Ruff*; there were varieties called *Wide* or *Vide Ruff* (see below), and *Cross Ruff*. It seems to have been the origin both of modern *Whist*, and, in the form of *Triomphe*, of *Écarté*; and therefore merits more than one treatise.

III. ii. 150. *Knave out of doors* (see above).

III. ii. 151. *Lodam*. This game is mentioned by Harington and other writers, though very little appears to be known as to its nature. In the *Prologue* to Part ii. of *The Returne from Pernassus*, *Defensor* addresses his academical audience as 'you that have been deepe students at post and paire, saint and Loadam.'

III. ii. 152. *Saint*. The true spelling of the name of this game (also called *Saunt*) is 'not *saint*, but *cent*—taken from hundreds.' See Lewis Machin's *The Dumb Knight* (1608), Act IV., where the game is called

'A royal game, and worthy of the name'
of *Mount-saint*, under which it is there introduced. Its original Spanish name was *cientos*. One hundred was the point that won

the game. In an old tract by Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, written after the battle of Worcester in 1651, kings are said to be nowadays discarded as unceremoniously as 'at the Hundred. *Saunt* is mentioned with *Chests*, *Primero*, and *Maw*, in the well-known play of *Lingua* (first printed, 1607), Act III. Scene ii.

III. ii. 154. *New-cut*. This game is twice mentioned in *Machiavelli's Dogge* (1617), both times at the end of a couplet and in a way suggestive of its having been of the simple and undistinguished sort.

III. ii. 158. *draw out*: play out.

III. ii. 161. *Post and Pair*. Harington mentions *Post and Pair* as a game at which one might easily lose with expedition; it is said to have been even more hazardous than the favourite *Primero*. To be sure, Ben Jonson, in the masque *Love Restored* (printed 1616), couples among 'frugal pastimes' the 'thrifty and right-worshipful game of Post and Pair' with the 'witty invention of Noddy'; but he adds the proviso, apparently as applicable to both, 'for counters.' The appellation 'post' seems, however, in its origin, to have had nothing to do with the notion of speed, but to be derived from the Spanish *apostar*—to deposit the stakes, of which the English phrase 'to post the poney' is cited as an analogy. Under the name of *Post* this game is mentioned, together with *Triumph*, *One-and-Thirty*, etc., in *The Interlude of Youth*, of which the earliest edition is held to date from about 1554. The 'vying' (or bragging) in this game, resembling that in the modern *Commerce*, which *Post and Pair* is said to have otherwise resembled, is used as a simile by Bishop Jewel. The expression suggests the etymology of 'vye-ruff' as the origin of the name *vide-ruff* (l. 166). To 'kiss the post' (l. 164) is a familiar phrase for being shut out of a house.

III. ii. 169. *lift*: cut.

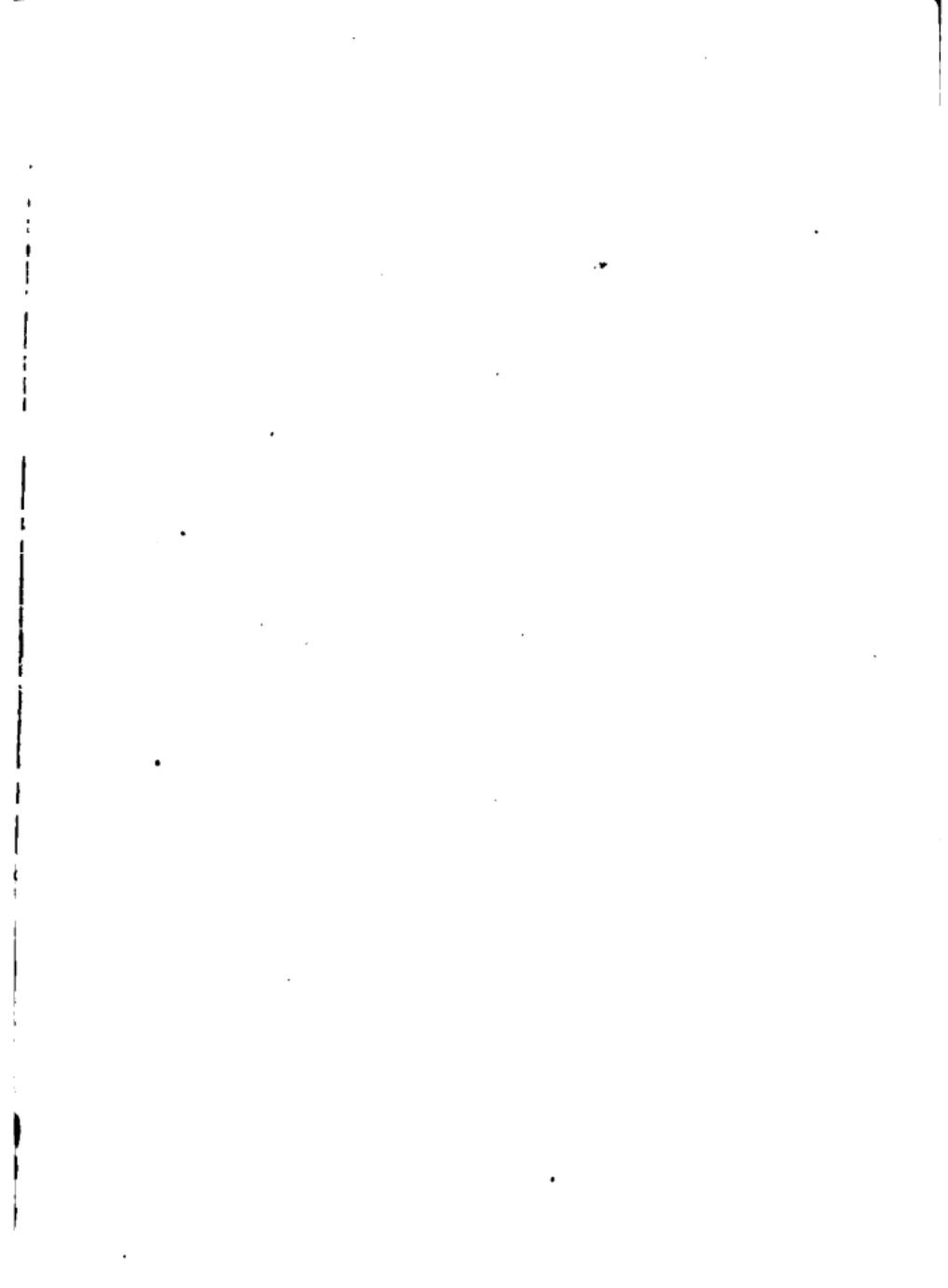
III. ii. 171. *A quean*. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. IV.

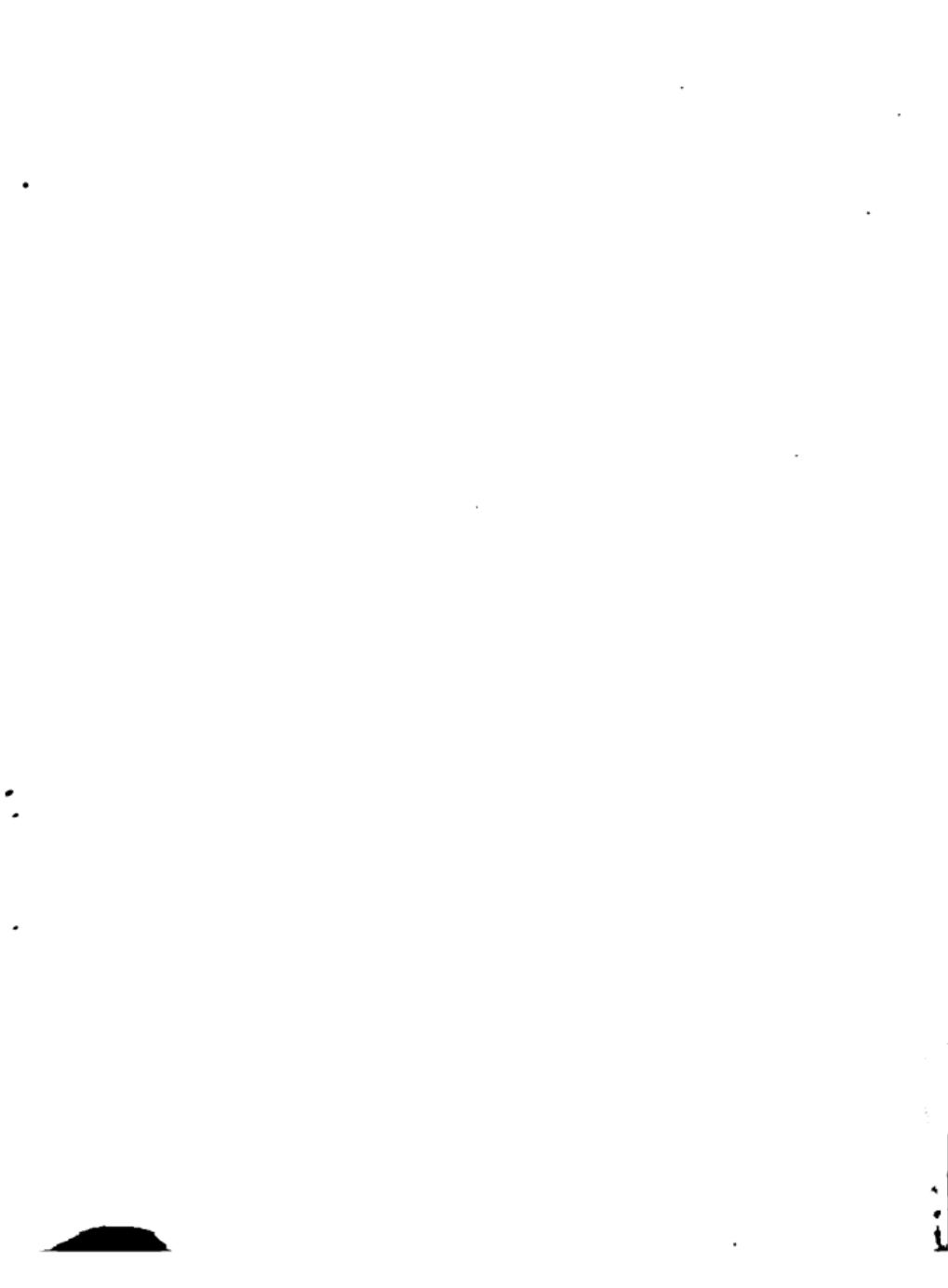
Sc. ii., Master Ford opprobriously calls the supposititious aunt of Mistress Ford's maid 'a witch, a quean, an old cozening quean.' The next line contains an almost equally obvious pun on the term 'pair' (l. 119).

III. ii. 184. *I rub.* 'To rub' I suppose to have been the same thing as 'to ruff,' which in the game of *Ruff* meant the taking in, by the player who held the ace of trumps, of the four cards left for the 'stock' or 'pack,' in lieu of which he laid out four from his hand. Or the term may have been borrowed from the exclamation 'Rub' which caused a game at bowls to be called a 'rubbers.' Cf. Field's *A Woman is a Weather-cock* (pr. 1612), Act III. Sc. iii.

III. ii. 187. *Booty I play.* This expression, which appears to have been common to several games, including that of bowls, signified giving an advantage to the adversary with the intention of drawing him on to his loss.

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